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The Whole life

London

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THE Whole LIFE, AND Merry EXPLOITS OF BOLD Robin Hood: Earl of HUNTINGTON.

SHEWING,

How he became and Out-Law, and fled to the Foreſt of *Sherwood*; where he and his Gang ſhelter'd themſelves for many Years, committing many notorious Villanies and Robberies, inſomuch that all Paſſengers were forc'd to pay them Tribute.

And at laſt betook himſelf to a Monaſtrey in *Yorkſhire*, where he was Bled to Death by a *Monk*.

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London: Printed by J. WILLIS at the *Angel* and *Bible* in *Tower-Street*.

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THE Whole LIFE, AND Strange Adventures OF Robin Hood.

MAY 1919

I Shall not trouble my Reader with a long Genealogy of the Descent of our famous Earl of *Huntington*, whose Father was Head-Ranger in the *North* of *England*; his Mother was the Daughter of the Right Honourable the Earl of *Warwick*; his

Uncle was Squire *Gamwell*, of *Gamwell-Hall*: His Father and Mother liv'd in a Place call'd *Loxy*, a little Village adjacent to the Forrelt of *Sherwood*: He was born in the Reign of King *Henry* the Second: His Father and Mother were so fond of him that they let him suck till he was two Years old, before they wean'd him, and then his Father put him to School, to have him learn to read and write true *English*; he had not been long there, before he learnt to read very well, and then he took his Writing so fast, that he soon became the head Scholar, and so by that he was call'd the Captain of the School: He was not only Expert in his Book, but in all other Waggeries and Inventions that Youth could be capable of attaining to; that there was not a Boy in the School but what he had put Tricks upon; nay, even his Master he out-witted in all Exercises whatsover.

To Father's and Mother's great Joy, he also took much delight in Archery, that he became the Wondet of the age, he was admired by Kings, Queens and Princes, he was so arch in his Waggeries

that

that scarce a Day went over his Head, without shewing some of his merry Pranks upon one-body or other, insomuch that he became the whole Talk of *Nottingham*.

He grew so famous in that Part of the Country, that every one thought himself happy that could get into his Company.

As his Mother one Morning found her dear and loving Husband in a most pleasing Humour, she thought that was the only Opportunity for her to acquaint him of his former Promises: My Jewel, *said she*, I hope you ha'n't forgot the Favour which you promis'd me, and your only Delight: Nay, *said he*, If I have promis'd you any thing, I hope I shan't be worse than my word, since 'tis something, it seems, that will please you, and be a Delight to my Son *Robin*: Ah! my Heart jumpes within me, to hear you speak so pleasant this glorious Morning.

My Honey, *said she*, the Request is this, To let *Robin* and I go to his Uncle,

cle, Squire *Gamwell*, to taſte of his Cheer and be merry.

She had no ſooner ask'd, but he granted her Requeſt, and was wonderfully pleas'd to think what ſport and paſtime his Son *Robin* would make at his Uncle's Houſe, with every Gentleman that was there; and happy was the Old-Man in his Thought, becauſe he knew his Son would have much Pleaſure and Paſtime with his Uncle; for his Uncle took as much delight in Shooting, as any Gentleman in the *North*.

So *Robin*'s Father makes no more to do, but goes and brings the grey Gelding to the Door; come, *ſaid he*, you and my Son get ready, and prepare to go your Journey, for 'tis twenty long Miles, and to-morrow is *Chriſtmas-Day*: He need not have ſaid prepare and get ready, for they were as forward as he cou'd be; there being no Pains nor Time loſt with *Robin* and his Mother; for two Perſons were never dreſt finer in the whole *North*, nor made a greater Show.

So *Robin* and his Mother took Leave

of

of all their Friends and their Neighbours, and so went merrily on their Journey.

They were not many Hours before they came within Sight of the House, and the 'Squire happen'd to be at the Door, and seeing a Horse coming full-tilt, spies his own dear Sister, and his Nephew; he ran with all his Force, and caught her in his Arms, and there he held her, kissing one another for the space of a quarter of an Hour, and they had no power to speak to each other, their Joy was so great.

But when he spoke, he swore a great Oath, that she was heartily welcome to *Gamwell-Hall*.

So into the House they all three went, and every one in the House came and paid a Respect to *Robin* and his Mother. They eat, drank, and told many merry Stories, and for that Night they went to-Bed.

Robin cou'd scarce have any Sleep in his Eyes all that Night, for thinking of

the great Pleasure and Mirth he was likely to enjoy; nay, and well he might, for no Person in the North ever lived so happy as he; nor was ever King or Prince so liberal or charitable as *Robin Hood* was, as I shall give you an Account in the following History.

The next Morning the Musick welcom'd our young Squire to Town, wishing him a merry *Christmas*; in short, when they were up, there was no Pleasure wanting that the Country cou'd afford nor any thing else that cou'd make them happy.

Well, all things, was prepar'd and got ready for *Christmas* Dinner; there was nothing wanting for a banqueting-Feast; so the Dinner was soon ready, and set upon the Tables, all the Company set round, and that Squire *Camwell* came in, *said he*, Gentlemen you are all heartily welcome so long as I have a Bit or Sup in my House, so don't spare.

When Dinner was over, then full Bottles and Glasses repleniſh'd all the Tables, and the Healths were beginning

to go round: Hold, *says Squire Gamwell* no Man shall drink of my *March* Beer, till he has sung a *Christmas* Carrol.

So they all clapt their Hands to sign the Agreement, and every Man sung in his Turn, till they made the Hall ring of their Fame.

Then said Squire Gamwell, call hither to me my Man *Little John*, for he is a sprightly Young Man, and will make Sport for us all. *Little John* was no sooner call'd for but up he came with all manner of *Legerdemain* Tools, and made them such Sport, that they wish'd it would hold for ever, as for my naming Particulars, it's not necessary to our Story. *Robin Hood* hearing every-body praise *Little John* to such a high Degree for his ng enuity, he could no longer bear it, but cry'd out aloud, *Gentlemen, its* Christmas *time, and it's my Turn now.*

So *Robin Hood* took up the Cups, and all the other Instruments; and where any one of the Company could shew one Trick (or *Little John* either) *Robin* cou'd shew three: His Uncle, 'tis true, had often

often heard of his fame, but seeing is believing, therefore he believ'd he was as well skill'd in Archery, as he had heard he was: Then *Squire Gamwell* got off from his seat, and took *Robin* by the Hand, *and said*, Cousin you shall never return to your Father's House any more, but shall live and be with me till I die, and when I die I will make you Heir of all my Lands, and during the time of my Life, no pleasure in this World shall be wanting to make you happy, if there should be any thing wanting at any time, ask and it shall be granted.

The first Favour that *Robin* ask'd of his Uncle, was that he would grant him *Little John* to be his Companion.

His Uncle said, Take him, for he's at your Command. Thrice happy *Robin* thought himself when he heard him speak that Word, for now he had nothing to think of but his Pleasure,

Now *Robin Hood* calls *Little John* to him, and tells him, that he must wait and attend on him, and do whatever he

commanded him to do; so go, *says he*, and fetch my longest Bow and my Arrows, for I intend to have some Sport this Day in merry *Sherwood*.

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Robin and his Man had not been in the Wood long before he found Sport enough! and there he and his Man *Little John* exercis'd themselves, and brought home several Brace of several Sorts that the Wood cou'd afford. *Robin* and his Uncle wou'd often go into the Wood; and Shoot together, but alas! his Uncle cou'd never come near him; for where he cou'd hit the Mark once, *Robin* hit it thrice; and yet his Uncle was a good Marksman, as was well known in all that Country.

So, for that Reason, no Company was so delightful to him, as his Kinsman *Robin*'s was.

His Uncle took such great Delight in his Company, that he cou'd go no where without him; no Journeys nor Banquetings was pleasing to him without *Robin*'s Company. His Uncle made Shooting-Matches to try his Skill, in all the Coun-

tics

ties round about, and 'twas never known that he ever loſt a Match; that all the Archers, far and near, dreaded and trembled to ſhoot againſt him; and ſo by that he came to be call'd *Bold Robin Hood*. Squire *Gamwell* never took ſo much Pleaſure in all the whole Courſe of his Life, as he did in the Time of his living with his Kinſman; there was nothing to be ſeen, or heard of, but what *Robin* and his Uncle had the Pleaſure of it.

Squire *Gamwell* had liv'd this Life for ſeveral Years, and thought as little of Dying, and leaving all behind him, as a great many more Rich Men do at this time; but ſo much I muſt ſpeak in his Behalf, that he was no Miſer, but quite the contrary? for he was very liberal and charitable to all poor Families, relieving them in Diſtreſs.

In ſhort, a violent Fit of Sickneſs ſeized upon him, and he had that foreſight given him, that he though he ſhou'd not recover it; upon which, he immediately ſent for his Couſin *Robin*, his only comfort in this World, that he might leave and ſettle all his Eſtate and Effects

in

in his Hands and made him as topping a Man as any in *Gamwell.*

All things was put to rights, and the Estate settled upon him; but no Man is able to write, or Tongue to express, the Grief and Sorrow that our famous Champion was in, notwithstanding the great Estate, and Quantity of Money; for he valued his Friend beyond all the Money in the World, as will appear in the following Discourse, but at the end of all his Grief, he was forc'd to make use of the old Proverb, *That Time and Tide stays for no Man: and the deareſt Friends in the World muſt part.*

Now the whole Estate is in his own Hands, and he begins to bethink himself of something more than he did before; and well he might, for fourteen Hundred Pounds a Year then, was a rare thing.

Now *Robin*'s Mind runs upon nothing but Valour and Honour; and resolves to take as much Pleasure as if he was a King; so he intends to live and range, and be a King of the Woods.

In

In the time of his living great, he took into his Service a Hundred brave Yeomen; but he never admitted any of 'em till he had had a Tryal of Skill with 'em himself, at Quarter-Staff: for he was as well skill'd at Quarter-Staff, as he was at his Bow, so that he and his hundred Men were so good, that no three Hundred dare come to fight them.

One Day *Robin*, was invited to a Feast at *Titbury*, and because he wou'd be welcome when he came there, *Little John* was to carry a Buck along with him: They had scarce rid five *Staffordshire* Miles, before they met with eight bold Yeomen, who bid them stand, and deliver their Buck: No' faith, *says Robin*, we shan't, till we have had a Tryal of Skill for't: Come, *Little John*, lets beat 'em heartily, and make 'em remember their stopping the two Champions of the *North*: So to it they went, and a sore Combat it was, for never was a fiercer Battle, for the Time it held; it was not long before five of them was kill'd, and the other three begg'd for their Lives: so *Little John* took Pity on them, and sent

sent 'em home to their Wives, and bid 'em never meet *Bold Robin Hood* any more. So to *Tilbury* Feast they went, and after they had been merry for several Days they return'd to merry *Sherwood*, to all their brave Yeomen.

Robin Hood living too fast he soon run out his Estate, and then he began to study what Course to take to maintain his Company, for you must think his Expences was very great; at last, he resolv'd upon this, To take from the Rich, and be charitable to the Poor; and it was not long before he put his Thoughts in Practice, and to rob all that came by that Way; but the Poor he rather reliev'd, than took from them: He grew so famous for Robberies, that every body dreaded to ride that Way, for fear of meeting with *Bold Robin Hood*; for if the Rich were ever so strongly arm'd it availd them nothing.

And if he met a poor Man, he never took any Money from him, but he wou'd lend him some. And if any poor Family was in Distress, or Want, he wou'd besure to send them Relief, for which

which he had the Prayers of all the Poor, for his Success and Prosperity.

Another time *Robin Hood* having Intelligence that the Bishop of *Carlisle* was on the Road for *London*, he met him on the *South*-side of *Ferry-Bridge* in *Yorkshire*; and tho' the Prelate had fifty Men in his Retinue, yet did *Robin*, with only half a Score of his Gang, attack his Lordship, putting his Servants to flight, robb'd him of eight Hundred Marks, and then tying him to a Tree, they made him sing MASS; and afterwards they unty'd him, and set him on his Horse again, with his Face to the Horse's Tail, and so made him ride to *London* backwards.

When the Bishop came to London, *he went to King* Richard *the* 1*st*, *and complain'd against* Robin Hood, *that if his Majesty did not suppress that Outlaw, his Subjects cou'd not pass thro' any Parts of the* North, *but they must be robb'd, and ruin'd. With that the King made Answer*, That *Robin* and all his Men shou'd be Hang'd in a shott time.

At another time, the King's Receiver was coming up to *London* out of the *North* of *England*, with the King's Taxes, when *Robin Hood*, and *Little John*, and the rest of his Gang met him, and ask'd him if he had brought his Taxes to him? *He answer'd*, Not as he knew of: Why then, *said he*, for this time I'll pardon you; but tell down your Money to me, and for the future, remember I am your Master, and all that comes this Way must pay me Tribute.

When the Receiver came to London, *he inform'd the King what had happen'd to him; insomuch that the King fell into a mighty Rage and Passion, and sent out Proclamation to all Parts*, That if any Person cou'd bring to him *Robin Hood*, dead or alive, they shou'd have a thousand Marks for their reward, immediately paid.

The Bishop of *Carliste*, as I told you of, made all the Intercession that possible cou'd be, to raise Men to take this Outlaw, *Robin Hood*; and in a short time they rais'd five Hundred disciplin'd Men, who were not long before they came near to *Robin Hood*, and a great Battle soon be-

began. *Robin Hood* drew all his Men up and bid them be of good Courage, for here was all the King's Men come to try their Skill: *Little John* made Answer, *and said*, Poor Hearts they are sent here to be kill'd; therefore they had better run away, then stay to have Holes in their Skins to go to another World with. So the Battle began, and a mighty one it was, and lasted for several Hours; but at last *Robin Hood*'s Gang had kill'd half of the King's Men, and the rest retreated: But they took twelve of the Bishop's Men, and when they had done, they carry'd them to merry *Sherwood*, and made very much of them, and afterwards *Robin Hood* sent them home to their Master, and charg'd them never to come there any more.

At another time the Bishop of Ely (*as our Chronicles report*) *rais'd a thousand Horsemen, and they rode into the* North, *but* Robin Hood *hearing of their coming, prepar'd for them*; Robin *and his Men bent up their noble Bows, and soon made Work with the Bishop's Men and Horsis; for in a shoat Time they Killed two Hundred Men, and fourscore Horses,*

Horses, and took thirty Men Prisoners; upon which, the Bishop and the rest of his Men put Spurs to their Horses, and fled to save their Lives.

And Robin *sent the Bishop's Men to* Sherwood, *and in a little time they were ransom'd at twenty Marks a Man.*

It was not long before the Bishop came to Warrington *Town, and there in a sore Rage in King* Richard's *Name, he muster'd up a great Number of Men in the* North, *to take the Outlaw: But* Robin *had won the hearts of the meaner Sort of People that they would not fight against him. So the Bishop return'd home with a sorrowful heart.*

How Robin Hood *and the Pinder of* Wakefield *fought a whole Summer's Day.*

THE Pinder of *Wakefield* one Summer Morning was taking his Pleasure in the Corn-Fields, refreshing himself in the wholsome Air, when on a sudden

ſudden eſpied a Company of rude and irregular Fellows, as he thought, break a wide Gap thro' a Hedge, pluck up the Stakes, and without keeping any Path, making towards him, which Injury put *George* into a mighty Rage, making as much haſt to meet them as he could, and took his Staff from off his Shoulder, and bade them ſtand, and not only to give him an account, but preſent Satisfaction, and Recompence for the Damage they had done. *Robin* and his Companions had put off their Foreſt-Green, and left their Bows and Arrows behind them, and had only weapon'd themſelves with good ſtrong Quarter-Staves, according to the Faſhion of the Country.

They took the Pinder's Affront in great Scorn, and told him, *All Ways were alike to them they being Travellers; and when they could make the neareſt Way, they ſaw no reaſon they had to go about; that they had done no Damage; or if they had, the Amends lay in his own Hands: Marry, and ſo it doth*, anſwered *the Pinder*; *for I have that in my Hands that ſhall call you to a dear Reckoning*

koning; but since you seem to be Men furnish'd both with Limbs and Spirits, if you be such, and not base and effeminate Cowards, come not all upon me at once, but one by one, and then have at you, were you twice as many more as you be; and the Motion pleas'd them. Scarlet *was the first Man that went on, and he was soon laid sprawling on the Ground;* Little John *was the next, and he was serv'd the same Sauce for revenging his Friend's Quarrel.*

The last that fought the Combat, was *Robin Hood*, and the bravest (I dare say) that was ever fought in *Wakefield*; long it lasted, and with great Difficulty they contested which shou'd overcome: At length, both being tir'd; says *Robin*, Hold thy Hand, noble Pinder, for I protest thou art the stoutest Man that I ever yet laid my hands on; *to whom the Pinder replied*, Recal thy Words, for thou hast never yet laid thy hands on me.

Nor will I, noble George; *but in Courtesie, know then I, am* Robin Hood, *and these are my bold Yeomen, who are come as far as the Forest of merry Sher-*

wood

wood, *only to prove thy Valour, which I have found to exceed that Liberal Report which Fame hath given out of you. At which Words the Pinder embrac'd him, and told him, That next to the King, he was the only Man he most honoured: And crav'd Pardon of him: Much Joy there was on all sides, and* George *invited them all to an Entertainment, wherein he shew'd himself to be as bountiful in Mind, as he was famous in Strength of his Body, for their Welcome, and Chear was as much above their Expectation, as better suiting with a large Manour-House, than a thatch'd Cottage.*

Nor did *Robon* come altogether unprovided from *Sherwood*, for he had both Money, and several Heifers laden with Provision of all sorts, which follow'd him on purpose to feast and revel with the Pinder: Where I leave them in all the Satisfaction and Felicity imaginable.

Upon a time, King Richard *having heard much of the Fame of the Pinder of* Wakefield, *for his Strength and Valour, he resolv'd to go into the* North

to

to see him, but in Disguise, that no-body shou'd know, and likewise to hear how the People affected him; so the King and the Earl of *Leicester* took *Cuddy Musgrave* for their Guide and Conductor, to travel into the *North*. They travell'd till they came to a Town not far from *Wakefield*, which is call'd *Bradstead*, where the Shoemakers, by long Tradition, have observed a Custom, that no Person shall walk thro' the Town with his Staff upon his Shoulder, unless he will have a bout or two with some one or other of the Gentle-Craft; but if he trail'd it after him, he might pass quietly, without any Trouble or Molestation. It so happen'd, that the King's Way, with *Leicester* and *Cuddy*, lay thro' this Town, who being disguised like Country Yeomen, and it seems, not well acquianted with the Custom, like honest plain Travellers, walk'd boldly along with their Staves upon their Shoulders, who being espyed by the Shoemakers, three stout Fellows of them stept out of their Shops, and beat their Staves from their Shoulders. The King having had genteel Entertainment in all other Places, wonder'd at such unexpected Rudeness, and gent-

ly demanded of them the Reason of that Violence and Incivility, *They answer'd him*, That it was a Privilege which had been observ'd time out of Mind; their Fathers before them had kept it, and they made it Hereditary to their Successors: They demanded of them, whether they had any such Patent from the King? *who answer'd again*, They did not stand upon Patents, neither knew they any Law, saving Staves-End Law, and that all their Fraternity were ready to maintain it with down-right Blows, and therefore bid them peremptorily to handle their Staves, for there was no other Way to save them from a present and sore Banging: *The King told them*, that they were peaceable, Men and rather than break their Custom, or enter into an unnecessary Quarrel, they would drag their Staves after them, and so they did.

Whilst these things were debating, came *George a Green* disguised, with *Robin Hood* and his Yeomen, with every one a good Staff on his Shoulder: *George* having told *Robin* what merry Customs the jolly Shoemakers maintain'd bringing him

him that way on purpose, only for Sport sake, and to try what Mettle they had in them. When they came there, they spy'd the *King*, *Leicester*, and *Cuddy*, trailing their Staves after them; at which sight being moved, *See*, Robin, *said the Pinder*, three lusty able proper Fellows that dare not advance their Staves, for fear of the Shoemakers: Then he ask'd Robin Hood what he thought of them; he answered, That he thought them base cowardly Fellows, so *I* think too, said, George, but *I'll* make them otherwise. So coming close up to them, he first began to upbraid them with their Fear and Cowardise, and afterwards told them, That if they did not presently raise their Staves, and bear them up, and knock down any that durst to oppose them, that he himself would cudgel 'em more soundly, than the Townsmen were able to do, had they shew'd themselves to be Men, they should have been excus'd? *The* King *answer'd*, I was never put to so hard a Choice, as to be beaten, *Fight, or not Fight*, and so desired to be excus'd, since they were Travellers, Men, Peaceable, and altogether unacquainted with any such hard Customs.

His Words were just ended, when out came a Crew of Shoemakers, every Man well'd arm'd *and told them*, that even they should obey their Custom, bid them down with their Maypoles, and withal, began to strike their Staves from off their shoulders, that was the Watch-word the *Pinder* and his Comrades wait ed for: And now began the greatest Combat that was ever seen in the Town of Bradstead, for Robin and George began to clear the whole Town of Masters, Journeymen, and Apprentices: Not a Staff to be found, that was not us'd in Defence of their Liberty, there was nothing now thought on, but Havock, and knocking one another down: The *Pinder* himself seem'd to be Pounded in amongst them, and many a *Shoemaker* was brought to his L A S T: and many a Staff was shiver'd and broken to pieces, and *crack'd Crowns* went current, tho' many were found *to take 'em against their Wills*: The Shoemakers themselves thought fit to give Ground, who had vowed to lose Bodies and Souls in the Quarrel, and run to shelter themselves shamefully.

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At length the *Pinder's* Disguise fell off in the Battle, and he was no sooner discover'd and known, but the *Shoemakers* immediately cry'd out, T R A I L.

They flung down their Staves, and cast up their Hats, and bid them Welcome to the merry Town of *Bradstead*, with a loud Shout no Man thought more of his Hurt, for the Joy they had to see the *Pinder* of *Wakefield*. *George* having breathed himself a little, he commanded a Barrel of the best and strongest Ale should be brought, and set in the Street, which was instantly done, and paid for: Then *George* intreated them, as they tender'd him, to bid his Friends Welcome, so they all sat round the Barrel together, *King and all*, but when *George* had told them who they were, namely, *Robin Hood* and his *bold Yeomen*, who had travel'd as far as from the Forest of *Sherwood*, to prove what Mettle there was in their Fraternity: This News was as good as a Plaister to every Man's broken Head, so with a Joint Acclamation, they gave him a loud and hearty Welcome.

All this while the King observing and perceiving the two prime Men to be there present, whom he had such a great Desire to see: When the Healths began to go round, the *Pindar* call'd for a deep *Wassail-Bowl*, he fill'd it brim-full, and then falling upon his Knees all the rest doing the like, *he said*, Here, *Robin Hood*, I drink a Health to good King *Richard*, and you being the best Man in the Company shall first pledge it, and when you have so done, let it go round among the Shoemakers, I except none in the Company, but those cowardly Travellers, who are unworthy to drink so brave and valiant a Prince's Health; who, for fear, durst not carry their Staves upon their Shoulders: Off went the Health, with a great Shout; and the next was fill'd up for *bold Robin Hood*, and so I'll now leave them all to be merry with the King.

As *Robin Hood* was going to *Nottingham*, to Dine with some Gentlemen, he had not gone far before he spy'd fifteen Forresters drinking, and when he came up to them, they ask'd him what News

he

he heard, he told them, *he heard no News only the King had provided a Shooting-Match in* Finsbury-Fields London, *and he thought to be there himself. We hold you in* Scorn, said the Forresters, *that ever you should go there to Shoot with the King's Archers, therefore take your Bow and begone while you're Well. So* Robin Hood *went smiling over the Green, and than he bent his Noble Bow, and let his Broad Arrows fly, till he had kill'd fourteen of the Foresters, there was but one left alive, and that was he that first began the Quarrel, and* Robin *seeing him going over the Plain, he sent one of his Arrows to him, and fetch'd him Back, Now* says Robin *I think you have Cause enough to believe I am an Archer: with that the People of* Nottingham *came out in great Numbers, thinking to take* bold Robin Hood, *with the Forresters he had slain; they carried the Foresters home to their Wives. and* Robin *fled to Merry* Sherwood *for Shelter.*

But tho' Robin *had been guilty of several notorious Robberies and Murders, yet hearing of the aforesaid Shooting-Match*

Match to be performed before the King and Queen, and several of the Nobility, he and Little John, *with one* Midge *a Miller, another of his out-lawed Companions, ventured* incognito, *up to* London, *to see it, the Archers indeed, Shot very well, especially one* Clifton, *who would hit the Mark every time, however,* Robin *and his Comrades would lay a Wager of a hundred Marks, that they would Shoot better at the* Mark *than the best three of them all, they were so taken up and the Wager laid.*

The QUEEN *seeing the Resolution of these Strangers, was incited to lay a thousand Pounds on their Heads, against the* KING, *several Wagers being likewise laid by the Nobles on both Sides. When* Robin *bent his Bow, he shot almost into the Middle of the Mark, but he that Shot against him, did not come near by a Span,* Little John *hit the* black Mark *in it, his Adversary was far enough from it, and then* Midge *the Miller pinned up the basket, by cleaving with his Arrow the Pin in two, which was in the middle of the Black, so the Queen, and all those that laid on her Side, won the Bets.*

But when the King afterwards knew it was Robin Hood *and his Gang that had beaten his Archers he was highly displeased, and made a Solemn Vow that he should be hang'd whenever he was catch'd. In order then for apprehending him, several Detachments of Soldiers were sent out in Pursuit of him in the Forest of* Shetwood, *of which he having Inteligence, he privately withdrew himself into* York-shire, *from thence to* Newcastle, *in the County of* Northumland, *then into* Cumberland, Lancashire, *and* Cheshire, *and last of all, into* London, *till the heat of the* Hue and-Cry, *was over; and then he returned to his old Place of Rendezvous again, to the no small Joy of his Companions, who had been much dismayed at his Absence for the space of eight Months.*

As it happened, one Summer Morning Arthur a Bland *had a Mind to go into merry* Sherwood *to take the Air, and to view the fine Deer, he had not been long there before he met with bold* Robin Hood; *and* Robin *had a mind to have a little Sport, and so bad him* Stand: *Says*

Ar-

Arthur, *What bold Fellow are you? or what business have you here? You look like a Thief and I suppose you come to steal the King's Deer, therefore I'll make you know that I am the Keeper of this Forest before you and I part: Don't threaten me,* said Robin *for you must have more to help you then:* No says Arthur, *I have no Occasion for more, and so you shall find.*

I care not a Fig for your Sword, nor your Bow, said Arthur, *for as I have a good Oak Staff, and if you wont begone, I'll knock you down: not so hasty neither,* says Robin, *for I'll get a Staff as well as you, and try who shall be Master, with all my Heart,* quoth Arthur, *for I desire nothing but fair Play, so their Staves were measur'd, that one should not be longer than the other; in short, there was no foul Play between them, and to it they went: It was not long before* Arthur *made the Blood run trickling down his Face; and* Robin *did the same for him, and they gave each other Knock for Knock, for the space of two Hours or more, but when* Robin *saw his Blood run down he roar'd like a wild Boar:* Arthur *laid*

laid his Blows on so fast, that he made the Woods to Ring.

Hold, hold, said Robin, *what shou'd you and I beat our Bones to Jelly for, we shall get no Money by it, neither will any body thank us for it.*

They had not breathed themselves long, before Robin *ask'd him what was his Name, and where he lived, and what Trade he was brought up to? for all these he desired to know.* He answer'd *my Name is* Arthur a Bland, *and I have liv'd many Years at* Nottingham, *and there I follow my Trade of Tanning, and if you please to come to* Nottingham, *I'll tann your Hide for you, as well as ever you had it done in your Life. I think you have done that sufficiently already,* says Robin, *for my Hide was never so tann'd before.*

And (quoth he) *my Name is* Robin Hood *and I fain wou'd have you come and live with me, and you shall never want for Gold or Silver.*

As soon as Arhur *had heard, his Name was* Robin Hood, *he gave him his Hand,*

Hand, and swore they two would never part.

They had no sooner join'd Hands, but he ask'd for *Little John*. then *Robin* put his Horn to His Mouth, and blew a Blast or two, and *John* soon came tripping over the Plain: When he came up to them, he ask'd his Master what made him stand with his Staff in his Hands? Why, *said he*, this Tanner that stands by my side, has sorely tann'd my Hide: *I* commend him for it, *said John*, and if he pleases. he shall tann mine too: No, hold, *said Robin*, he's a Relation of yours, for his Name is *Arthur a Bland*; with that *John* flung away his Staff as far as he cou'd fling it: and they all shook Hands, swore to be true to one another, and to lead their Lives in merry *Sherwood*.

Now *Robin* and *Little John* being most notoriously noted, insomuch that great Parties of Horse and Foot were forc'd to lie on the Roads, for the safeguard of Passengers; he and his Gang, to the Number of a hundred desperate Fellows, put themselves into the habit of Friars un-

under which Disguise, they still committed great Robberies and Insolencies, even not sparing King Richard *himself, for meeting him in a Progress in the* North, *and he thinking them to be Religious Men, that were come to meet him, in order to deliver a Petition to him, stopt immediately with his Retinue, to hear what they had to say; whereupon* Robin *approaching his Majesty,* told him, after some low Obeysance made to him, *that he was not come to talk with him about Religion, for that was a thing he never had any more thoughts of, than himself, but that he was come to discourse him about secular Affairs: Which was, to lend him and his Companions what Money he had about him, otherwise they shou'd put him to do very hard Penance, in spight of all Indulgences and Absolution he cou'd procure from the* Pope.

The King finding 'twas in vain to resist so great a Power, with his small Attendance which did not exceed above fifty Persons, gave what Money he had to *Robin*, who afterwards search'd the Noblemen's Pockets, and then left them to pursue their Journey.

The

The King was so extreamly enrag'd at this Insult of Robin Hood, *that he issued a Proclamation, with a Reward of a thousand Marks for taking him, dead or alive, and five Hundred Marks for* Little John, *and a Hundred Marks for every one of his Men that were taken alive, in order to bring them to condign Punishment: Which Rewards made People look out very sharp after them.*

As *Robin* was one Morning going to *Nottingham* Town, he met with a bold Tinker, and he civilly ask'd him where he liv'd? for he heard there was nothing but bad News abroad: What bad News is it you hear, *said the Tinker?* for *I* live at *Banbury*, and am a Tinker by Trade, and as I came along I heard no bad News.

Yes, says Robin, *the News that I heard was bad, but true, for it was only two Tinkers in the Stocks for drinking: Your News*, says the Tinker, *is not worth a Fart, and had they look'd you in the Face, they would have put you in, to bear them Company, for I dare say you love Beer as well as any Tinker in Town.*

So

So I do, says Robin, *but pray tell me what News abroad, for you that go from Town to Town, must needs hear some News. Why*, said the Tinker, *I hear no other News but of taking* bold Robin Hood, *and I have a Warrant in my Pocket to take him, wherever I find him, and if you can tell me where he is, I'll make a man of you for your Pains: Let me see the Warrant*, said Robin, *whether it be made strong and good, and I'll go with you, and take him this Night, for I know a House that he uses at Nottingham.*

No, *said the Tinker*, I'll let no Man see my Warrant, and if you won't help me to take him, I'll go and take him my self. *So Robin*, perceiving how the Game went, ask'd him to go with him to *Nottingham*, for, *he said*, he was sure to meet with *Robin Hood* there.

They were not long before they arriv'd at *Nottingham*, where they went into an Inn, and drank so plentifully, that the Tinker, got drunk, and fell asleep, then *Robin* took away the Tinker's Money, and the King's Warrant, and left him

ten Shillings to pay; but when he wak'd it wou'd have made any one laugh to have beheld the poor Tinker's Fright at the loss of his Money and Warrant; he call'd up his Landlord, and told him what a Mischance had befel him: That the Stranger that was drinking with him, was run away, and had robb'd him of all his Money, and had took a Warrant out of his Pocket, which he had from the King, to take *bold Robin Hood*: The Landlord told him, that was *Robin Hood* that had been drinking with him all that Day; then the Tinker fretted and rav'd like a Madman, and swore what he wou'd have done if he had known it had been him.

So he left his Host his Budget of Tools for the Reckoning, till he took *Robin Hood*: His Landlord told him, he might be sure to find him in the Park: and it was not long before he spy'd him there, shooting of the King's Deer.

Quoth *Robin*, what bold Fellow is this that dare come so near me here? I am no bold Fellow, *said the Tinker*, and so you shall know before we part.

Up-

Upon this, there arose a great Combat between *Robin* and the Tinker; and the Tinker laid his Blows so fast, that he made *Robin* reel, and cry out for Pardon: No, *said the Tinker*, I'll give no such Outlaws as you Pardon, till I have hang'd you on a Tree, and carried your Head to the King: But while the Tinker was looking about him, *Robin* blew a Blast with his Horn, and presently came *Little John* and *Will. Scarlet* to part them; and *Robin* lik'd him so well for his Valour, that he took him into his Gang, and gave him an equal Share of what they got by robbing on the Highway.

Another time *Robin* was standing by the Forest-side, where he spy'd a young Man walking all alone, very melancholly, upon which, he orders *Little John*, and *Midge* the Miller, to go and fetch him to him; the young Man perceiving them to approach him, bent up his Bow, and bid them stand off, and then ask'd 'em what they wanted? *They told him*, he must come before, and speak to their Master, that stood under yonder Green Tree.

So being brought before him, *Robin* ask'd him if he had any *Money* for him and his merry Men? He said *No*; he had but five Shillings, and a Ring which he had kept these seven Years to be married with, and that it was to have been this Day, but she was taken from him, and was gone to be married to an old Knight: Then *Robin* ask'd what his Name was; and how far it was to the Church where they were to be marry'd? *he said*, Five little Miles. *Robin* ask'd him what Gold he would give, if he help'd him to his Love again, and took her from the Old Knight, As for Gold, *said he*, I have none; but I'll be your faithful Servant, and obey all your Commands, my Name is *Allen a dale*.

So *Robin* and his Yeomen went to the Place where *Allen a dale* was to keep his Wedding, and then he went to the Bishop, the Bishop ask'd him what he wanted? *he told him*, that he was a bold Harper, the Bishop *answer*'d that was the Musick that he lov'd, and bid him Play: No, *said Robin*, I'll stay till the Bride and Bridegroom comes.

It

It was not long before a wealthy Knight and a charming young Creature came in; it wou'd have done any one's Heart good to see such a beautiful young Woman.

Quoth Robin, Now we are come to the Church, it's a grand Shame that such a young beautiful Woman shou'd be married to such a fumbling Old Man as this, to lie grunting by her Side, and to make a Nurse of her all the Days of her Life, No, no, she shall choose her own Bridegroom: With that, *Robin* put his Horn to his Mouth, and blew a Blast and presently came *Little John* and *Allen a dale*, with twenty Yeomen.

Now, *said Robin* to *Allen*, this Day you shall enjoy your Lover: No hold *said the Bishop*, that's against the Laws of our Church, to marry any Person that has not been ask'd three Times: So *Robin* immediatey pulls off the Bishop's Robes and puts them on *Little John*; and away goes *John* to the Quire, and ask'd them seven times before all the People, and then *Robin* gave her away

to

to *Allen a Dale*: and when they were Married, they all went to merry *Sherwood*, to keep the Wedding.

Another time *Robin Hood* taking his Progress, he happen'd to put into a By-sort of a House, a little out of the Road in which he found no-body, but a poor Old Woman weeping bitterly; He ask'd her the Reason of her Grief? *She told him*, that she was a poor Widow, and being somewhat indebted to her Landlord for Rent, she expected him every Minute, to come and seize what few Goods she had, which wou'd be her utter Ruin.

Robin *hearing this, bid her rest herself contented, and he wou'd make things easie; so pulling of his Rich Lac'd-Cloaths, and putting on an old Coat, which the Old Woman lent him, and having likewise secur'd his Horse in an old Barn; in a little time came the old Miserly Landlord, and demanded his Rent: Hereupon* Robin *rises out of the Chimney-corner, with a short Stick in his Hand*; quoth he, *I understand, Sir, that my Sister here, (poor Woman) is behind*

hind-hand for Rent, and that you design to seize her goods; but as she is a desolate Widow, and has not wherewith to pay you at present, I hope you will take so much Pity and Compassion on her mean Circumstances, as not to be *too severe upon her*; pray *Sir*, let me perswade you to have a little Forbearance: *The Landlord replied*, Don't tell me of Forbearance, I'll not Pity People to the Ruin of my self; I'll have my Money: I want my Rent; and if I am not paid now, *I'll* seize her *Goods* Foarthwith, and turn her out of my *House*.

When *Robin* found that no Intreaties nor Perswasions would prevail with the Old miserly Cuff, to have Patience with the *Poor Woman*, he pulled a *Leathern* Bag out of his Pocket, *and said*, Come let's see a Receipt in full, and I'll pay it; so accordingly a Receipt was given, and the Rent paid: Then the *Landlord* being upon going away; *quoth Robin*, 'tis drawing towards Night, Sir, and there's very great robbing Abroad, therefore I wou'd advise you to stay here till to-Morrow Morning, and take the Day before you: *No, no, replyed the Landlord, I'll go Home now*,

now, I shall reach seven Miles before 'tis dark. Pray *Sir*, *says* Robin *to him again*, let me persuade you to tarry here; for indeed there's great robbing Abroad: I don't care *cry'd the Landlord*, what robbing there is Abroad, I'll go home now; besides I don't fear being robb'd by any one Man, let him be what he will: So taking his Horse, away he rid, and *Robin* after him, dress'd then in his fine Cloaths; and meeting him at a Pond, where he knew he must pass by, bid him stand and Fight, or deliver his Money: These Words frighted him out of his Wits, and he deliver'd all the Money he had latey receiv'd for Rent, and as much more to it.

Then *Robin* riding back to the Old Woman again, and disguising himself as before, it was not long e're the *Landlord* came back to the House again, and knock'd at the Door: quoth *Robin*, who's there? *The Landlord said*, 'Tis I *Said* Robin, What I? Why, 'tis I, *quoth the Landlord* again.

At these Words, the Old Woman cry'd, *O dear! 'tis my Landlord*: So letting

ting him in, he told his Greivance with a great deal of Sorrow: As how he was robb'd by a Rogue in a Lac'd Coat, who swore a thousand Oaths at him, and had certainly knock'd his Brains out if he had not given him all his Money: Ay, *quoth* Robin, I told you there was great robbing Abroad, but you wou'd not take my Advice; now I hope you'll stay here till Morning; however he did not; for having given an Account of his Misfortune, he made the best of his Way homewards.

Another time *Robin* was walking in the Forest, where he spy'd a Shepherd lying on the Ground, with his Bag and Bottle by his Side, *quoth Robin*, arise, and let me see what you have got in your Bag and Bottle, for I intend to taste; Ay, but hold, *said the Shepherd*, you must wait my Leisure, for I'll rise for no Man; and what's that to you what I have in my Bag and Bottle, or any proud Fellow alive; therefore be gone, for no Man shall taste of either, except he fights for it, and overcomes me, *Said Robin*, What shall we fight for? and flung twenty Pounds on the Ground,

Quoth

Quoth the Shepherd, I have no Money to lay againſt it. I have nothing but my Bag and Bottle: That will do, *ſaid Robin*; and you muſt handle your *Crook* well before you ſhall have my *Gold*.

Said the Shepherd, I beleive you love prating better then fighting; therefore *proud Fellow come on if you dare.*

With that *Robin* drew his Sword and the Shepherd took up his *Hook*, and a great Combat there was, inſomuch that it laſted for the ſpace of ſeven Hours, or more.

The Shepherd laid about him ſo faſt, that he made the Blood run down from almoſt every Hair of *Robin*'s Head, and at laſt brought him down to the Ground and ſo he yielded him the Victory.

Come, riſe *proud Fellow*, *ſaid the Shepherd*, *I hate a Coward*, ſo *Robin* put his Horn to his Mouth, and blew a Blaſt. and ſoon came *Little John* over the Plain: What's the Matter, Maſter, *quoth John*, that you ſtand ſo amaz'd? Why, this Shepherd and I have been fighting, and he has

has beat me, and *won my Money*. I am glad of that, *said John*: Come bold Shepherd, turn about, and fight me: Withal my Heatt, *proud Fellow*, for it shall never be said that a *S*hepherd shall run from you.

So to it they went and a mighty Battel there was, insomuch that *Robin* cou'd not guess which wou'd have the Day: At last the Shepherd gave him a Chuck under the Chin, and so knock'd him down: Hold thy Hand, *quoth Robin*, I'll yield my Wager lost, rather than you shall kill my Man *John*: Do Master, *said John*; for he is the Flower of all the *S*hepherds. So *Robin* gave the Shepherd the Money for his *Valour*.

Robin Hood was a Man of great *Courage*, and a noble, daring, and resolute Temper; and he wou'd often seek out for some new Adventures by himself: He had not gon far, before he met the Lord *Longshamp*, near *Nottingham*, with three Servants: His first Words were these: *Sir, I have great Occasion for a little Money at present, so pray deliver what Money you have, or expect a Knock of the Pate.*

Quoth his Lordship, how dare you Sirrah, have the Impudence to stop a Nobleman; let me get off my Horse, and I'll fight you at Quarter-Staff.

Why truly, my Lord, *reply'd Robin*, that's a fair Challenge, and I shou'd be very willing to accept of it, but I doubt when you are off your Horse, instead of fighting, you'll run away, as you did when you betray'd the poor Duke of——. I won't put it into your Power to run away; so, pray Sir, don't stand prating, but deliver what you have presently: *Quoth his Lordship*, what the Devil are my Servants doing there? What! three great hulking, cowardly Dogs of you, and all stand still, to let me be robbed by one poor Theif! Theif Scoundrel, *replied* Robin, I am a Gentleman bred and born, and you see I live by my Sword and Staff; therefore don't rely upon your Servants Assistance, for the first of them that offers to lay his Hands on his Sword, I'll knock him down, as I will you just now, if you make any more Words: offering as if he would strike him, his Lordship cried out for Quarter, and gave him

him a Brace of Hundred Pounds, which he had in his Portmantua; and then *Robin* went to merry *Sherwood* to all his brave Yeoman.

Another time *Robin*, with his Companions, had Notice that the Sheriff of *Bedford*, with his Men, were in search of him, and that they had beset the Wood where he then was; which made him stand on his Guard, but could not make him lose his undaunted Courage; wherefore he rallies his Troop of grand Rogues, and withdraws into the thickest Part of the Wood, to a Place judged by him the most advantageous, and having left Orders, he sends out Scouts; but thinking it not safe to trust to Spies in a Case of such Importance, he puts on a Canvas Doublet and Breeches, old Boots without Spurs, and a Steeple-crown'd Hat on his Head, and so draws near them; and finding them not to be equal to him in Strength, he returns back to his Companions, bids them stand to their Bows, and so encourages them by Words and Examples, that in setting upon them, as they immediately did, they were presently routed, and closely pursued, insomuch,

that eleven of them were taken Prisoners, and carried to a Wood and there stript and whipt, and then sent home, and charged never to attempt to come there any more for their Lives.

Robin and his Companions making holiday, some went to one Sport, and some to another, but *Robin*, *Will Scarlet*, *Midge* the Miller, and *Little John*, all went to Shooting: And it was not long before *Scarlet* shot a Buck, and *Midge* another, and *John* shot a Hart above two hundred Foot off, which pleas'd *Robin* so well, that he was resolved to find a Match for him, if he went a hundred Miles; which caus'd *Will Scarlet* to laugh, *and tell him*, That at *Fountain-Abbey* there lived a Fryer, that wou'd beat him and all his Men: With that, *Robin* said he wou'd neither eat nor drink till he saw him; so he prepar'd Bow in his and a Sheaf of Arrows, and soon came to *Fountain-dale*; *Robin* had not been long there before he saw the Fryer by the River-side; and he commanded him to take him upon his Back, and carry him over the Water; with that, the Fryer took him on his Back, and when he came into the mid-

the

dle of the River, he flung him in, and bid him swim the other half, for he did not care whether he sunk or swim.

But *Robin* soon got out, and shook his Ears and in a great Passion he let his Arrows fly at him, but as fast as they came, he kept them off with his steal Buckler, till all his Arrows were gone; and there they both drew their *Swords*, and the Fryer held it out so manfully, that the Battle lasted above five Hours, and at last *Robin* went on his Knees and ask'd the Fryer's Pardon for offending him; and then he Put his Horn to his Mouth, and blew a Blast, and soon came fifty brave Yeomen, all with their Bows bent; then the Fryer began to tremble and shake, when he found it was *Robin Hood* he had been fighting with, cry'd out for Mercy, and enter'd himself into *Robin Hood*'s Gang.

Another time *Robin* being at *Coventry*, and having a mind to play a Prank, which he mightily delighted in doing: Understanding that a certain Lord was to set out for *London* the next Day, on Horseback with a great Retinue, he put himself in

Woman's Apparel, and overtaking his Lordship on the Road, having a tolerable good Face, and being young, the noble Peer was pleas'd to scrape Acquaintance with this young Damsel, as he suppos'd her? so after a great deal of Chat together, his Lordship being amorously inclin'd, he was for fulfilling the Primary common, *Encrease and Multiply*; and putting the Question to her, this masculine, feminine Creature pretending great Modesty, *said*, It became her Sex never to permit dishonesty to come nearer than their Ears, and then, to save Virtue the labour, Wonder and Detestation ought to stop it.

But however, his Lordship pursuing his Inclination very close, it made her simper at the Conceit of it, and at last, giving way to her Enamorato's Courtship, *she told his Lordship*, that if they had been in any Place of Privacy, she should have been very ready to gratify his Desire; but to expose herself before all his Men, she would not for the World.

His Lordship being very joyful at her Condescension to his Embraces, they had

had not rid above half a Mile farther, before a *Wood* presented it self to their Sight; where he order'd his Servants to halt till he came to them; so he and his *dear Bit of a Groat* rid into the *Wood*, and there alighting with an Intention of having a full Enjoyment of his suppos'd Lady; when his *Lordship* taking up her Petticoats, found under them a Pair of Breeches; *quoth he*, What's the meaning of your wearing Breeches, Madam? Nothing, *reply'd Robin*, but to put your Money in, and now you must pay for your Peeping; With that, he beat his Lordship, and took above a hundred Marks from him, and then ty'd him to a Tree, to cool his Courage; and so he bid my Lord farewell till the next Meeting.

Now the Servants having waited above an Hour, wondring at their long Stay, they at last resolv'd to look after their Master; and so entring the *Wood*, they heard a Voice crying out for Help; they follow'd the Sound as fast as they cou'd, till at length they found *his Lordship* fast; he bid them untye him, *saying*,

The Villian which I took for a Woman proves to be neither better nor worse than a Highwayman and a Robber, and has taken all I had from me, that was Valuable; but for the future I'll be hang'd if ever I trust my self alone with any thing in the Shape of a Woman.

Another time *Robin* disguis'd himself in a Fryer's Habit, and travelling from his Companions, he had not gone far before he met a Couple of Priests, and he making a pitiful moan to them, begg'd their Charity, and that they wou'd relieve one of their Function, for the Virgin *Mary*'s sake: That we would willingly do, *said they*, was it in our Power, but we have lately met with a Gang of Villians who have robb'd us of all our Money, and left us nothing to relieve ourselves.

I am afraid, *said Robin*, you are all so addicted to lying, that an honest Man cant take your Words. Therefore let us all down on our Knees, and pray to the Virgin *Mary* to send us some Money to defray our Charges: Upon which, they offer'd to run away, but *Robin* soon

put a stopt to 'em and made 'em go to Prayers.

They had not been long at Prayers, before *Robin* bid one of the Priests feel in their Pockets what the Virgin *Mary* had sent; and they all put their Hands in their Pockets, and pull'd out nothing: With that *Robin* fell into a great Passion *and told them*, he believed they were nothing but a parcel of lying deceitful Knaves, to make him believe that the Virgin had sent them nothing, when they had all pray'd so heartily; therefore, don't deceive one another, but each of you stand a search: *So Robin* began and search'd their Pockets, and soon found five hundred Pieces of Gold. When *Robin* saw this glorious sight, he could not forbear calling them lying and deceitful Knaves.

So they arose up to go, but *Robin* staid 'em, and made 'em take and Oath never to tell lies to a Fryer again; nor to tempt young Virgins, nor lie with other Men's Wives. *So Robin* got on his Horse, and rid on his Journey to merry *Sherwood*.

Robin

Robin Hood was a Man endu'd with a great deal of Love and Charity to the Poor, insomuch that he would relieve any poor Family in Distress.

On the contrary, he was as great an Enemy to Misers, and Engrossers of Corn, for he would often take from them, and give to the Poor.

For one time *Robin* being at *Wantage*, a great Market for Corn, he happen'd into a Person's Company at an Inn there, whom he knew to be a great Ingrosser of Corn, and who had bought as much Corn in the Market, as cost him 80 Marks, which *Robin* bought of him again, and paid him 100 Marks ready-Money for it, liking it, as he pretended, far beyond any he had seen that Day: The Corn he immdiately sent away, in order to distribute it amongst the Poor of the Country.

Robin understanding which Way his Corn-Merchant went, was soon at his Heels, and demanded his Money again, and what he had besides: The Country-

man

man was in a great surprize, shaking and trembling like an Aspen-leaf, *asking him* Whether he thou. ht it Justice to take from him his Goods and Money too?

Quoth Robin, Why han't I, *(you Villain)* paid you for your Corn honestly, and can you assume the Impudence to talk of Justice, when there's none in the World acts more Injustice than an Ingrosser of Corn: *Sirrah*, there's no Vermin in the Land like you, who slanders both Heaven and Earth with pretended Dearths, when there's no Scarcity at all. So talk no more of your Justice and Honesty, but immediately deliver your Money, or I shall crack your Crown for you.

Here[illegible]on he deliver'd him a Bag, in which [illegible] found his own Money, and as mu[illegible]re to it, so away he went with a [illegible]l of Satisfaction.

Another time *Robin* disguised himself like a Fisherman, and took his Progress to *Scarborough*; when he came there, he happen'd into a Widow's House, who kept a Fishing-Boat of her own; and the

she ask'd him whence he came, and what his Name was? He told her, his Name was *Simon*, and that he would do any Thing for his Bread in an honest Way.

Then said the Old Woman, If you'll be my Servant, and mind my Business, I'll see that you shall want for nothing: So *Simon* agreed to the Old Woman's Proposals, and went on board.

They had not long set sail, before they put *Simon* to Work, and he went about it so unhandy, that the Master he wondre'd what lubberly Fellow he had got on board; *and said*, that he had a good mind to fling him over-board; for what Business had he here, to take up the Room of a better Man? These terrible Words made our young *Sailor* wish himself in merry *Sherwood* with the rest of his Companions

The next Morning the Master spies a *French* Ship making up towards them, which put him into a most terrible and dreadful Fright, lest he should be taken Prisoner, and sent to *France*. *Robin* stept up to him, and speaks a comfortable Word

Word, ond bid him not fear, but be of good Courage, and bring him his Bow and Sheaf of Arrows. and tie him to the Maſt, and heſhould ſoon ſee what work he'd make with the *Frenchman*,

With that the Maſter fell into a vio-lent Paſſion, and told him, that he was ſure ſuch a lubberly Fellow as he was fit for nothing but to be thrown over-board.

At theſe Words *Robin* grew angry, and went and ſetch'd his Bow and Arrows himſelf, and went to the Maſt, and then he let ſeveral Arrows fly, and kill'd many of the *Frenchman*; then they tied him to the Main-Maſt, that he might make ſure of his Mark; ſo he let his Arrows fly with ſuch Swiftneſs, and ſo faſt, that in a little time there was not a *Frenchman* to be ſeen alive; then they untied him, and he and the Maſter went on board the *French* Ship, where they found twelve Thouſand Pounds in Gold.

When their Ship was ſettled, and all things put in order, they took the *French* Ship, and away they ſail'd with her into *Scarborough* Harbour; and *Simon* divided the

the Ship, and gave one half to his Dame, and the other to the Seamen; and with the twelve Thousand Pounds he built several Alms-houses, near the Bay at *Scarborough*, for the poor Widows of that Place; with his Effigy on the Wall of the Front-House, and from that time to this, 'tis call'd *Robin Hood's Bay*.

Another time a Gentleman, as he was riding from *Coventry* to *London*, happen'd to meet with *Robin Hood*, and thinking him to be an honest Gentleman, desir'd him to turn back, and go some other Way, or else he would certainly meet with Highwaymen, and be robb'd, for he had narrowly escap'd 'em himself; and so advis'd him if he had any Charge about him, not to venture that Way.

I have no great Charge about me, Sir, *said* Robin; however, *I'll* take your Advice for fear of the worst: So as they were riding along, *said* Robin, perhaps we may meet with some Rogues of the Gang, by the Way, for this is a ugly robbing Road; therefore I'll secure that little I have, which is but ten Guineas, by putting it in my Mouth.

No

Now the Gentleman, not in the least suspecting him to be of that Profession, told him, *that in case he should be set upon, he had secur'd his Gold in the Feet of his Stockings, which* he said, *was no small Quantity, and that he had receiv'd it that Day of some of his Tennants for Rent.*

They had not gone above half a Mile farther, e'er they came into a very Bye-Place, where Robin *bid the Gentleman Stand, and deliver his Money. The Gentleman was in a great Surprize, and told him, he took him for a very honest Gentleman. However there was no Remedy for the loss of his Money, which was about 90 Marks. So* Robin *left the Gentleman cursing his Folly for discovering where he had hid his Money.*

Another time Robin *had lent* Little John *his Suit of Beggars Cloaths, and* Little John *went up and down the Country a-begging, being dress'd with Beggars Weeds his Staff in his Hand, his Bags of every sort and his Bottle by his Side.*

He

He had not travell'd many Days before he met with three Beggars, one blind one lame; another dumb; so *John* ask'd whence they came? and whether they were going? But they refus'd telling him, and gave him a Knock on the Crown, and bid him take that, and go a-begging his own Way, and trouble not his Head with them, for they were no Company for young Beggars.

Little John was very much enrag'd at their treating him in such a manner, and immediately laid about him with his Staff, till he made the Blind to see, the Lame to run, and the Dumb to cry out for their Lives; and out of one of their Cloaks *Little John* pull'd three hundred Pieces of Gold, which glorious Sight pleas'd him so well, that he let them go with what they had got.

You may guess how merry he and his Companions liv'd, when he came to merry *Sherwood*, for he vow'd never to go a-begging any more, nor drink Water whilst the Money lasted.

The chief Men of Courage and Bravery, next to *Robin Hood*, in his plundering Retinue, were *Little John.* and *Will. Scarlet*, whom he always took with him for his Seconds on any extraordinary Adventure.

And one Day these Blades meeting with three of the King's Foresters whom they attempted to rob, a great Battle ensued between them, in which the Foresters behav'd themselves with a great deal of Courage and Bravery; but at length giving Ground, the Victory fell to *Robin Hood*, but because their Manhood was extraordinary, *Robin* was so generous as not to rob them, but gave them a *Mark*, which is thirteen Shillings and four Pence, to go and drink his health at what Tavern or inn they pleas'd in *Nottingham*, whither they were then going.

A little after this Re-encounter, *Robin Little John*, and *Will. Scarlet*, meeting with eleven Foresters, to whom they ow'd a Grudge for always endeavouring to hinder them from Killing any of the King's Deer, whereupon picking a Quarrel with

with them on the Road, from Words they fell to Blows, which falling pretty heavy on *Robin* and his Companions, insomuch that they had like to have been worſted by their ſuperiority in Number.

At laſt they bent their Bows, and ſhot five of their Antagoniſts dead upon the Spot, whom they robb'd of what Money they had; as alſo the other ſix that were reviving, they bound them to a large Oak, and left them there to ſhift for themſelves as well as they could.

The Noiſe of this Fight made *Robin*'s Name ſo famous throughout the Country, that all grew fearful of him, not daring to go near the Place of his Abode; nay, they were forc'd to be in Fee with him, allowing him Money quarterly, to paſs and repaſs in ſafety.

Another time *Robin* meeting with a Butcher going to Market to ſell his Meat he bought all his Meat, and likewiſe his Mare of him, which came to about ſix Pounds, ſo away goes *Robin* to Market, and ſells his Bargain preſently, making ſuch good Pennyworths, that the People

all

all thought he had Stole the Meat; which now being converted into Money, he puts into an Inn at Nottingham, *and treats all his Customers, to the Value of five Pounds; which coming to the Sheriff, of the County's Ears, who was at the same time in the Inn, and taking him to be some Prodigal Stark, of whom he might make a Penny, intrudes himself into his Company, and after some short Discourse, ask'd him if he had any more Meat to sell? Not ready dres's'd* said Robin, *but I have two or three hundred Head of Cattle at home, and a hundred Acres of Land to keep them on, which if you'll buy, I'll sell you 'em a Pennyworth. The Sheriff snapt at this Proffer, and took four hundred Pounds in Gold along with him.*

Away they rid together, but he was very much surpriz'd at the melancholy Place that Robin *had brought him to.* He told him, *he wish'd they did not meet with a Man call'd* Robin Hood *and began to wish himself back again, but 'twas then too late, for* Robin *winding of his Horn, presently came* Little John, *with fifty of his Companions, whom their*

Captain

Captain, (*Robin Hood*,) commanded to take the Sheriff to Dinner with them, assuring them he had Money enough to pay his Share

Accordingly they got a Collation ready for the Sheriff, and after Dinner was over, they led him into the Forest, and there took all his Gold from him, good Part of which he had borrow'd of the Inn keeper were he met with *Robin Hood*.

Another particular Person whom *Robin* entertain'd in his Company, was one *Gamwell*, who having kill'd his Father's Man, fled to him for Shelter: But some time after he and three more of *Robin*'s Men being seiz'd at *Nottingham*, as they were privately making merry, they were sent to Goal, and afterwards condemn'd to be hang'd.

Hereupon *Robin* sent a Petition to the Sheriff whom he had a little before robbed, to save their Lives: But he swore, that as they belong'd to his Gang they shou'd certainly die.

So

So the Day of Execution being come, *Robin* with his hundred Men, went to rescue the Prisoners; and after they had kill'd the Hangman, the Sheriff, and all his Men, they made the best of their Way, and brought the Prisoners home with them.

Here follows the comical Exploits, and merry Waggeries of Robin Hood, *which he acted whilst the* King *was in pursuit of him, thro' these several Counties, viz.* Yorkshire, New-Castle, Cumberland Lancashire and Cheshire, *and so to* London.

Robin Hood was a very facetious, merry and comical Man, as appears by the following Relation; for he scarce let a Day pass over his Head, without playing one Prank or other during the time of his Absence from his Company.

He being one time at an Inn in *Wigton* in *Yorkshire*, and hearing how barbarously the Hostlers wou'd cheat the Horses of their Provender, he privately went into the

the Stable, and hid himself under the Manger: A little time after came the Hostler into the Stable, in pretence of feeding Robin's *Horse; no sooner had he put the Oats and Beans into the Manger, and laid down his Sieve, but he sweeps them all into a Canvas Bag fix'd under one corner of the Manger, and so away he went.* Robin *all this while kept himself secretly hid under the Manger, and saw how the Hostler manag'd his Matters, upon which, up he got from his private Recess, and went into the Kitchen again.*

After Dinner he seem'd to be for going; and *calling for the Reckoning,* he ask'd the Holster, *what Corn he had given his Horse?* He said, *he had given him what Corn he had ordered him, and that the Gentleman that dined with him, saw him bring it thro' the Kitchen.* Quoth Robin, *Don't tell me a Lye, for I shall ask my Horse presently: This Saying put all the strange Gentleman that was with him, into Admiration.*

But, above all the rest, the Inn-keeper ask'd him if his Horse cou'd speak? Yes

said

ſaid Robin: *That's impoſſible*, repiled the Landlord: *Not at all*, ſaid Robin, *for my Horſe is taught by* Art Magick; *ſo fetch him hither, and you'll ſoon ſee whether the Hoſtler has done him Juſtice or not. Accordingly the Horſe was fetch'd; and* Robin *ſtriking him on the Belly, he laid his Mouth to his Maſters Ear, (by Cuſtom) juſt as the Pidgeon did to* Mahomet.

Look you there now, ſaid Robin, *did not I tell you that the Hoſtler had cheated him of his Corn? Why* ſaid the Landlord, *what does he ſay? Say*, Quoth Robin, *Why he ſays your Hoſtler has flung all the Corn into a Bag plac'd at one corner of the Manger. Upon which the Landlord and his Gueſt went into the Stable and ſearching narrowly about the Manger found the Bag of Corn at one Corner thereof; for which barbarous Villany he immediately turn'd away his Hoſtler.*

Robin *travelled in ſeveral Diſguiſes and would often change his Habit.*

So

So one time he pull'd of his fine Cloaths, and dreſs'd himſelf like an old Shoemaker and put on an old Leather Apron, with *Sir Hugh's* Bones at his Back, the better to Screen him from being taken by pretending to be of the Gentle-Craft, (if queſtion'd in his way.)

In this Diſguiſe he sets out to travel, and coming to a lone Inn in the Road to *Newcaſtle*, (it being near Night) he put in there: and being pretty liberal in his Expences, the Landlord lik'd him, and provided him a good Lodging, and *Robin*, went to-Bed betimes.

The Houſe was full of Gueſts, inſomuch that all their Lodgings were taken up; and a Frier coming in very late, they had no Lodging for him: The Frier, rather than go farther, choſe to accept of a Bedfellow, but there was none that ear'd to be diſturb'd at that time of Night, but *Robin* (whom they took for a Shoemaker) was well enough pleas'd with having ſuch a Bedfellow.

Well,

Well, Matters being thus accommodated, and the Frier a-bed, he soon fell asleep, and slept very heartily, being tired with the Fatigue of his Day's Journey: but *Robin* having slept well before, had no mind to any more Sleep that Night, but lay awake meditating Mischief. For he never lov'd any of that Function so he was studying and contriving how to change Breeches with him; and after having resolv'd upon what he wou'd do, he gets up at the dawning of the Day, and puts on not only the Frier's Breeches, but also his Sacerdotal or Canonical Garments.

Now *Robin* finding these sacred Habiliments fitted him very well, and being thus rigg'd down Stairs he goes very softly, and calls the Hostler, bidding him bring his Boots, and make ready his Horse. The Hostler not in the least mistrusting, but that it was really the Frier, he brought him his Boots, and ask'd him what Corn his Horse must have? *He told him*, half a Peck of Oats; which was accordingly given him, and *Robin* was very uneasie till the Horse had eat them

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 them

them; but in the mean time, that he might be the sooner ready to go, he call'd for the Reckoning, and was answer'd that he had paid all last Night, but for his Horse. The Horse having eat up his Corn, he mounted him with all the Expedition imaginable; having paid for his Corn, and giving the Hostler something to drink his Health, away he Rid as fast as the Friers Horse would carry him, resolving to make himself merry at at the first convenient Place he came to.

But let us return to the Frier, whom he left fast asleep, not dreaming what had happen'd. About seven in the Morning, (it being in the Month of June, *) the Frier awak'd, and going to bid his Bedfellow good-morrow, he soon found, not only* that the Bird was flown, *but also* that he was flown away with his Feathers; *for he saw nothing but a parcel of old Cloaths, which he suppos'd belong'd to his Bedfellow.*

Upon this, the Frier in a great Surprize, knocks and calls for somebody to come up; but the Servants, who suppos'd it to be only the old Shoemaker, ask'd

him

him, *what a Pox ail'd him to make such a Noise, and bid him be quiet, or else they'd make him so. This vex'd the Frier and made him knock the harder; upon which the Chamberlain went up, and threatned to thrash him if he made any more Noise.*

The Frier not understanding the meaning of this rude Treatment, was amaz'd, and ask'd, Where was his Cloaths? (the Chamberlain taking him for St. Hugh,) reply'd, *Where the Plague shou'd they be but upon the Chair where you left 'em? Who the D — l dye think wou'd meddle with your nasty Cloaths? they a'n't so much worth, that you need be afraid of any body's stealing them. The Man's mad I think,* reply'd the Frier, *Do you know who you speak to? Yes, I do,* says the Chamberlain: *If you did,* said the Frier, *I think you wou'd use better Language: Better Language,* says the Chamberlain, *my Language is good enough for a pitiful drunken Shoemaker. What do mean by drunken Shoemaker? Why I am the Frier,* said he, *that came in here late last Night:* The Devil you are, reply'd *the Chamberlain; I am sure the Frier*

went away soon after three a Clock this Morning.

With that, the Frier jump'd out of Bed in his Shirt, and taking fast hold of the Chamberlain, *Sirrah, says he,* produce me my Cloaths and Money or I'll break your Neck down the Stairs.

With this Noise and Scuffle up comes the Master of the *Inn*, and some of the Servants, who presently discover'd, that this was not the Person who they took for a Shoemaker; and upon a little Enquiry into the Matter found that *St. Hugh* had made an Exchange with the Frier? upon which the Master of the *Inn* furnished him with a Suit of his own Cloaths, and Money to bear his Charges through his Journey.

Robin Hood was a man that never wanted for Invention to please his own unsatisfied and wandring Mind, the more difficult the Enterprize was, the more Pride he took in it.

One Day *Robin* being riding for his Pleasure, as he was returning home in the

the Evening, very well mounted, and dreſs'd very much like a Gentleman, coming near *Turnton-Bridge* in *Yorkſhire*, he perceived from a riſing-ground, a Gentleman walking in his Gardens, which were indeed, very fine, and of a large Extent; then *Robin* rid up to the Gardener, who was ſtanding at a Back-door, and enquir'd of him whether a Gentleman, whoſe Curioſity had led him to ſee thoſe famous Gardens, might not have the Liberty of taking a Walk in them?

The Gardener knowing his Maſter was willing that any Perſon, appearing in good Faſhion, might walk therein, gave him admittance. Then *Robin* alighting, he gave the Gardener his Horſe to hold; and ſeeing the Gentleman in the Walks, *Robin* paid his Reſpects to him in a very ſubmiſſive manner; withall deſiring that he wou'd pardon his Preſumption of coming into his Gardens, when his Worſhip was therein recreating himſelf.

The courteous Knight told him, he was very welcome, and invited him to ſee his Wilderneſs; where ſitting down in an Ar-

bour, they began to talk very merrily together; and at the latter-end of their Discourse, *Robin told him*, That he heard he was a very charitable Gentleman, and that he must now make bold with him, to borrow that little Money which he had about him, for he had but little himself, and that he had a long way to travel.

At these Words the Gentleman began to startle, and was very much surpriz'd at his Impudence: But *Robin told him*, he was a dead Man, if he made any Resistance: Then he ty'd him to a Tree and went away with a large Booty; but he bid the Gentleman be of good Cheer, for he would send one presently to relieve him: And accordingly going to the Gardener, who held his Horse all this while, giving him a Ninepenny Piece, *quoth* Robin, Honest Friend, your Master wants to speak with you: Then mounting he rid presently off the ground, whilst the Gardener made haste to his Master, and was very much surprized to find him bound in that manner; but he immediately loos'd him; and the Gentleman return'd his Servant many Thanks for send-

ſending a Rogue to rob him in his own Garden.

Another time *Robin Hood* was walking ſeriouſly by himſelf, with a Quarter-ſtaff on his Shoulder, near *Cumberland*, and meeting with a Countryman, he ask'd what Money he had about him; *he reply'd*, he us'd not to carry much Money about him, for fear of robbing. Whereupon *Robin* commanded him to fall to Prayers, and at the ſame time pull'd out of his Pocket a little Book, and falls on his Knees, making the Countryman do the like; but he knew not what to think of theſe commanding Words, and had rather have been in another Place to make his Oriſons; for without doubt his Devotion was much abated by his Fear; yet notwithſtanding, he was forc'd to kneel down, and wait the Iſſue of the Pious Adventure.

When *Robin* had mumbled three or four Words betwixt his Teeth, feigning an extraordinary Devotion, he enquir'd of the Countryman how it far'd with him *telling him withal*, that Heaven was not ungrateful to the pious Addreſſes of devout Petitioners; therefore he bid him

feel in his Pockets, and see what God had sent him, which the Countryman did, but pretending he could find nothing, upon which *Robin* feeling in his own Pockets, he pulls out a Ninepenny Piece, *telling him withal*, that certainly he did not pray heartily, therefore it was necessary he should Pray again, telling him, That if he look'd directly towards Heaven he needed not fear, nay, it could not be otherwise but he must get something as well as he, and then pulls out of his Pocket a Thirteenpence-half penny Piece, and still the Countryman cou'd find nothing in his, and indeed rather Pray'd that there might be nothing found there,

Hereupon *Robin* fell to Prayers again, the third time, and produced a Noble, which is six Shillings and Eight-pence, and seeing that the Country-man was still upon the Negative, *he told him*, that one of these two things must needs be; That either he did not Pray with Zeal and Devotion, or else he would not let him know how liberal Heaven had been to him, for, said he, how else can it come to pass that my Prayers shou'd be rather

rather heard than yours; for if you pray'd with as much Devotion as you make outward shew of, you must needs have gain'd considerably, therefore I'm resolv'd to see the upshot of this: So he put his Hand into the Countryman's Pocket, for it was to no purpose to resist him) and found there twenty Pieces of Gold, at which they were both amaz'd, the one seemingly for the Liberality of Heaven, and the other for the Loss of his Money.

Yet however, *Robin* dealt with him better than he expected; for after he had upbraided him a little with his Sham Pretences of having no Money in his Pockets, *and saying*, What? you hypocritical Rogue, you wou'd have cheated me, and not let me share with you, tho' we made an Agreement so to do, before we went to Prayers. Good Lord! how few are the Just upon Earth!

Well, *says Robin*, to punish you for your Wickedness, I shall keep what Heaven has sent into your Pockets; but however, that you may not want on the Road, take what I have got by Pray-

ing

ing, and when you get home, acquaint your Neighbours with what an honest Gentleman you met, who gave you 8 *s* and 6 *d.* altho' you went about to cheat him of twenty broad Pieces.

Robin Hood play'd more Pranks than any one Man in the World; and I think the following is as comical and bold a one as any.

He having notice of the return of a certain rich Merchant from *Lancashire*, he dress'd himself in Womens Apparel, and rid along till he got sight of his intended Prey. Then laying himself down in the Road (having hid his Horse in a Wood) with piteous Cries and Lamentation, accusing Heaven and Earth as the Cause of all his Misfortunes.

The Merchant being a Man of a brisk and airy Temper, and one who well understood the Delights of Female Conversation, was not a little mov'd with this happy Surprizal, imagining himself in an easie Possession of a singular Beauty. For indeed, *Robin*, tho' a Man, had a Countenance wherein there appear'd

pear'd so much Delicacy and Sweetness that there were few Women but would have been proud of possessing such Features: With which the Merchant was so charm'd, that he alighted from his Horse, and enquir'd of *Robin* the Cause of these his dismal Complaints, who counterfeiting the Woman rarely Well, told him a long Story of her piteous Adventures (without pulling off her Mask) That she had been to see some of her Kindred, and was left there by her Brother upon some small Distaste receiv'd, so that she could do no otherwise than lament her Misfortune, and curse the Time she set out with him, her Honour being, thro' his occasion, so much endanger'd.

The Merchant hearing this Discourse, (*poor Man*) imagines there must be some Truth in it.

So setting himself down near this goodly Creature, begins to enter into amorous Discourses, and lewd Actions, *Robin* making small Resistance only crying out (Whore like) That now she was going to be undone, ruin'd and [illegible] ever.

ever. Alas, Sir *(said she)* what do you mean? What will you do to me? Pray forbear; I cannot indeed; away, I pray ye; I am as yet a Maid, I beseech you let me alone, you'll hurt me, pish, fie, I took you for another sort of a Man, What, lose my Honour more dear than my Life! Away, for you strive in vain.

However, the Merchant comforted her with many fair Promises, and taking her by the Hand, led her to the Entrance of a Wood.

Robin seeing it now time to draw his Game to a Close, *told him*, That seeing her Misfortunes so order'd it, that she shou'd fall into his Hands, she hop'd he wou'd do her the Favour to advance farther into the Wood, that she might not be openly and shamefully prostituted: Yet still sobb'd and cry'd; calling a thousand times on Death to succour her, as if she had been greatly dissatisfied at this Encounter.

Upon this, the Merchant goes on with her to the most solitary Place of the Wood, where being ready to execute his filthy

filthy Design, *Robin* draws a Ponyard out of his Bosom, and struck him thro' one of his Arms, with which Wound he was disabled to defend himself; then his supposed Female Beauty rifled his Pockets, in which he found two or three Purses of Gold, and then rid strait off with his Booty.

A little after this Exploit, *Robin* happen'd into another as profitable: For coming into an Inn near *Buckingham*, he heard a great Singing and Dancing; he enquir'd the reason thereof, and found it was a Country Wake, at which were present most of the young Men and Maids for several Miles round about.

So *Robin* setting up his Horse in the same Inn, as he was drinking in the Kitchen, an old rich Farmer came in with a hundred Marks ty'd up in a Bag under his Arm, which he had just receiv'd; and he must needs step into this Inn, to see their Mirth and Pastime, instead of going directly home with his Money, which was not above a quarter of a Mile from the Town. *Robin* seeing him admitted into the Room where the Wake

was

was kept, *he ask'd the Landlord*, whether he might be permitted to see this Country Diversion without any offence to the Company; *the Landlord told him*, he might and welcome; so he enter'd the Room likewise; but *Robin*'s Eyes were more fix'd upon the old Farmer's Bag of Money, than the young Folks dancing; and observing in the Room where they were, that there was a Chimney with a large Funnel, he went out and communicated his design to the Hostler, who for a Reward, dress'd up a great Mastiff Dog in a Cow-hide that he had in the Stable, placing the Horns just on his Forehead; when in the height of their Jollity, by the help of a Ladder and a Rope, he let him hastily down the Chimney into the Room where they were all assembled; and *Robin* was return'd again before the acting of this Scene; the Dog howling hideously as he descended, and rushing among them in that frightful Form, turn'd all into a Hurry and Confusion: The Musick silenc'd, the Tables overthrown; the Drink spilt, the People screaming, and crowding to get down Stairs as fast as they cou'd, every one striving to be foremost,

moſt, leſt the Devil (*as they ſuppos'd this to be*) ſhou'd take the hindmoſt; their Heels flew up; the Women's Coats over their Heads and Tails, whilſt their Back-ſtrings looſing, gave full fluſhes, and made them in a very unſavory Condition, all the muſical Inſtruments were trod and broken to pieces, and the ſuppos'd Devil making his Way over all, got into the Stable, where the Hoſtler haſtned after him to uncaſe him.

Some time after coming a little to their Senſes, looking about 'em, and ſeeing no more of this ſuppos'd *Demon*, they all concluded he was vaniſh'd into the Air.

But during the time of this Hurly-burly, the old Farmer being in as dreadful a Fright as any of them, and his Breeches as well befoul'd, he drop'd his hundred Marks, and fled for Safety; the mean time *Robin* ſecuring the Money under his Cloak, he immediately took Horſe, and made the beſt of his Way.

But as ſoon as all things were in a little Order again, there was a ſad Outcry for

the

the hundred Marks, which being not to be found, the Company supposed the late Devil had taken it away and imputed the Loss has a Judgment inflicted on the Farmer, who was a covetous Wretch, one whose study was how to cozen this Tennant, beggar that Widow, or to undo some Orphan, or any-body, so he cou'd get their Money.

Another time *Robin* was riding towards *London*, and being on *Dunsmore-Heath*, he met with *William Longchamp*, then Bishop of *Ely*, with a small Retinue of about four or five in Number.

So *Robin* rides up very briskly to one of the Men, whom he pretended to know: Ah! *Tom, says he*, I'm glad with all my Heart that I'm come up with you, for there's whipping Doings abroad; Why, there's nothing but robbing, go where one will. I have got a great Charge of Money about me my self; but since I have the Good Luck to get up with these honest Gentlemen, I am not in fear of losing it; 'egad let the Rogues come now if they dare, I'm resolv'd to have slap at them my self.

This

This Discourse which Robin *had with the Man, made his Lordship and his Retinue think him to be a very honest Fellow, and they held a great deal of Chat with him on the Road; till at last an Opportunity favouring his Intention,* quoth he, *to the Bishop's Attendants, I'm very dry, and since you are pleas'd to give me Protection from Danger as far as I shall go your way, I'll ride before, and see if I can get any good Liquor, to treat you for your Civility, and shall be glad) to find any worth your Acceptance.*

Accordingly Robin *sat Spurs to his Horse, and away he rid as swift as if it had been for a Wager; when being out of sight, he quickly ty'd his Horse to a Tree in a thick Wood, which was on one side of the Road thro' which the Bishop was to pass; and* Robin *making what haste he could back again to the Company,* quoth he, *O Gentlemen! I'm ruined and undone; for in yonders Lane meeting with two Rogues, they have robb'd me of all I had; they have taken above forty Marks from me; but the Villains being but in-*

differently

differently mounted, I don't doubt but that if you were to pursue 'em you'd soon take 'em.

This News put them into a Consternation, and the Bishop pitying Robin's *Loss, as he pretended,* quoth he to his Servants, *Let the poor Fellow shew you which Way the Rogues took, and go all of you after them as fast as you can, and take them if possible.*

They obeyed the Bishops Command, taking Robin *along with them, and when they came into a narrow Land, he gave them the necessary Directions for pursuing the Highway, and away they rid as fast as their Horses could carry them, to catch the Rogues.*

But Robin's *Business was with the Bishop, and back he goes immediately,* and said to him, *Sir, my Time is but very short, and very precious too, therefore you must deliver what Money you have, or expect the worst of Usage.*

The Bishop was very much surprized at his Impudence, but not knowing how to help himself

himself, he was forced to give him two Hundred and fifty Marks, and then Robin *making all the Expedition he could, to the Wood, where he mounted his horse, and rid off with his Prize.*

A little while after the Bishop being met by his Servants, they told him, *they could not hear of the Rogues high nor low:* Quoth the Bishop, *the greatest Rogue has been with me; for he that pretended to be robb'd of forty Marks, has just now made up the Loss, by robbing me of six times as much Money; but for his sake I shall never put Confidence in a Man that pretends to too much honesty.*

Robin Hood *being at an Inn in* Lancashire, *the Hostler went about to betray him, and he very narrowly escaped being taken. So* Robin *meeting him one Day as he was going to* London, *in order to improve his Money which he had sav'd in Service, it being near fifty Marks,* Robin *e'en sav'd him the Labour, by taking it all from him, which made the Hostler cry out, He was utterly ruined and undone, for that was all the Money he*

had

had in the World; therefore he hop'd he would be so tender-hearted as to restore it him again. Yes *yes reply'd Robin*, when you are hang'd: Besides, where was your tender-Heart when you went to betray me, and to have me taken; no, no, you cheating Rogue, I'll not give you any back again, go and get more the same Way as you got this, for I know you have still got certain Charms for a Horse's Mouth.

In former times the Kings of *England* had not Horse-Guards and Foot-Guards as they have in these latter Reigns, but would travel the Country with only a few Noblemen to attend him.

Thus King *Richard* the First, taking a Progress into the *North* of *England*, which *Robin Hood* hearing of, was resolv'd to rob him: So taking sixty of his Followers along with him, they Way-laid the King between *Grantham* and *Newark*; and first, they attack'd his Attendance, one of whom they kill'd for being obstinate, and not surrendring what he had; and then pillag'd them every one.

Then

Then coming up to the King, *Quoth Robin Hood*, May it please you *my Leige*, we are Gentlemen that live by our Bows and Arrows, and sometimes by our Swords and Quarter-staves, which we are oblig'd to use when People deny paying us Tribute for the Priviledge of travelling thro' our Territories; which extend thro' *Yorkshire*, *Northamptonshire*. and *Lincolnshire*: But, *my Leige*, we suppose you to be a Person of greater Honour and Generosity, than to make Words, or contend for a trifle; we have the good Opinion of you, that you will oblige us so far, as to give us what Gold you have about you, without giving us the trouble of using any Violence upon your Person,

Hereupon, the King seeing it was in vain to resist *Robin Hood*'s Power, he gave him a Purse, in which was about a hundred Pieces of Gold But no sooner was he got out of *Robin*'s Clutches, but he swore he would certainly hang him whenever he was taken; and so he proceeded on his Journey to the City of *York*, where he staid some time; for the Queen was to meet him there.

Within

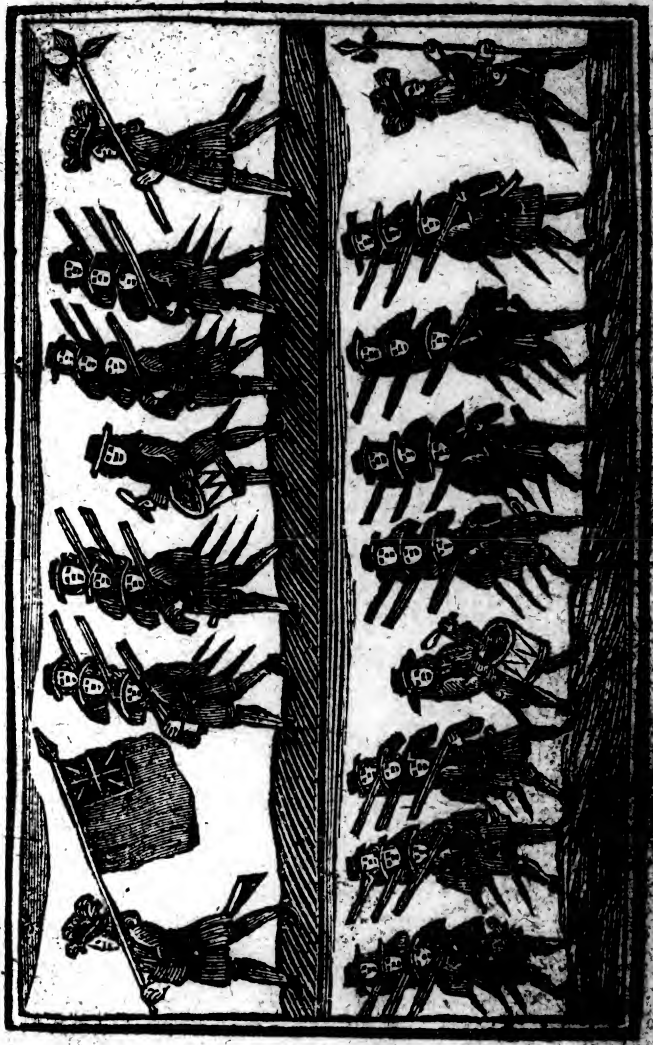
Within a Week she set out after the King of which *Robin* also hearing he cloath'd himself and a hundred Men, all in fine green Cloaths, richly lac'd with broad silver Lace, and white Feathers in their Hats: Being then mounted every one on a white Steed, they met the Queen about the same Place where they had a little before robbed her Husband; but instead of robbing her Majesty, they paid her all the Homage, Reverence, and Allegiance that became good Subjects. she being always interceeding with the King to pardon him, and all his Outlaws for the apprehending of whom he had issued out several Proclamations. So conducting the Queen safe thro' the County, within four or five Miles of *York*, they took their Leaves of her, and then retir'd Home.

Robin Hood continued in his licentious Course of Life above twenty Years; when falling sick was then struck with Remorse of Conscience for all his former Misdeeds) and unlawful Practices, upon which he privately withdrew himself to a Monastery in *Yorkshire*, where being

being let-blood by a Monk, he bled to Death. Aged 43 Years, and was buried in *Kinsley*, with this Epitaph on his Grave-Stone:

HEre underneath this Marble Stone,
Thro' Death's Assault now lieth One
Known by the Name of ROBIN HOOD,
Who was a Thief, and Archer good,
Full twenty Years, or somewhat more,
He robb'd the Rich to feed the Poor,
Therefore his Grave bedew with Tears.
And offer for his Soul your Prayers.

THE



THE

HISTORY

OF

Johnny Armstrong of *Westmoreland.*

How in his youthful Days, following the Wars *abroad, in the* Holy-Land, *and other Countries, he learn'd the Art of* War, *and came off with great Applause; and after his Return, he settled at* Guilt-nock-Hall *in* Westmoreland: *Of the noble entertainment he gave to his Hundred and Sixty Men.*

IN the Reign of King *James* the First of *England*, and Sixth of *Scotland*, there happened to live in *Westmoreland*, a brave and jolly Man, nam'd *Johnny Armstrong*, who

made it his Buſineſs to keep up the good and laudable Cuſtoms of Charity, ſupplying the Poor with Neceſſaries, as Cloaths and Food, never denying any that ask'd him: So that for his Liberality he was fam'd every-where, and extreamly belov'd by all, as well by his Rich Neighbours, as his Poor ones. And tho' he had no Fee or Eſtate, yet there was ſuch a Providence upon his Induſtry, which he us'd many Ways, as in buying and ſelling Foreſts, of *Timber*, breeding *Cattle*, and the like, that his Store vaſtly increas'd, inſomuch that a great many wonder'd how he could live at the Rate he did, not well knowing how his Income ſhould maintain it; for he building a long Hall on purpoſe, had a Table in it Furniſh'd, every Day, ſufficient for Eight-ſcore Men, which he not only fed, but kept cloath'd, and maintain'd in all other Matters; having Horſe and Arms,

upon

upon Occaſion, for the Defence of his Country, ready for them to Mount, taking great Delight to Exerciſe them, he having been train'd up in Foreign Lands, fighting againſt the *Turks* and *Sarazens* many Years, in his Youthful Days and had done great Exploits, which cauſed him by many, to be ſtiled the Champion of the *North*, ſo that he kept the Borders very much in Subjection.

His Manſion was called *Guiltnock-Hall*, and is famed to this Day for his living in it, there being ſmall Houſes ſtanding in the ſame Place, bearing the Name to this Time.

However, the large Ruins ſhewn it has been a Place very famous in former Times; for upon digging, the Workmen found the Foundation very ſpacious, and ſome of them had the Good-luck to light

The Hiſtory of Johnny Armſtrong upon Earthen Pots, wherein was the Coin of ſeveral Kings, to the great inriching of them; and they called it *Johnny Armſtrong's Bounty-Money*.

Upon theſe things he employ'd himſelf till he was forty Years of Age, without being Married, tho' ſeveral rich Offers were made him of wealthy young Maidens.

This made him conſider of altering his Condition, not ſo much for the deſire of Marriage, as for having an Heir to keep up the Granduer of his Hoſpitality, and to carry his Name to Poſterity, ad being deſcended of a very ancient and worthy Family. Some of which are living to this Day.

How being ſettled, and living gallantly, he fell in Love with a Gentleman's Daughter; and of the ſplendid Entertainment he made; and how thereupon he was taken for the King.

Johnny Armſtrong's Thoughts of Marriage were no ſooner known but out of Reſpect, the Gentry and others in the Country had for him, many ſuitable Matches were propoſed: But as for Riches, he lightly regarded 'em, relying wholly on the Bounties and Goodneſs of Providence: He reſolv'd to make choice of one that was handſome, ingenious and virtuous; and it was not long e'er he ſaw one, as he was paſſing through a Market-Town, that he thought he cou'd fancy; and upon Enquiry, he found ſhe was a Gen-

Gentleman's Daughter, (tho' of a mean Fortune. Her Father being fallen much to Decay by the Losses he had in his Estate and Goods: But this made no Difference between them; for the Gentleman was glad to put of his Daughter so well; and *Johnny* was as well pleased, on the other-hand, that he had met with so virtuous and modest a Woman, not without a sufficiency of Beauty likewise to please him.

Johnny having appointed the Day when he would come and solemnize the Nuptials, and fetch her Home to his House; in order to which, he array'd his Eight-score Men in Purple, lac'd all with gold and silver Lace, with Silver-hilted Swords, embroider'd Belts, gilt Spurs, and Plumes of white Feathers in their Bonnets, and well mounted; he riding in most Gallant Attire, at the Head of them; so that the People of the

the Towns thro' which they pass'd took him for the King: They ran before him, throwing up their Hats and shouting; nor could he himself hardly perswade them to the contrary.

Nay, his fair-Mistress was of the same Opinion of the People, when knocking at the Gate, and seeing her Father's House surrounded with so gallant a Troop, fancied it cou'd be none else but the King, and that he might have been Hunting in those Parts, and so came thither for Entertainment.

Upon this she ran and awak'd her Father, (for it was yet early) *and told him*, That the King was come with a numerous Train, to Visit him.

God forbid! *said the Father*; what shall we do then! we shall be all un-

undone! For all the Provision for thy Wedding will not be a Mouthful for 'em; indeed the House looks fair and promising without, tho' my mean Fortune can afford but lean Commons within; go down, and tell them I am not at home; that I'm sick, or any thing to put 'em off; for better so, than to pretend to entertain them, when we know we cannot do it; better strain a Compliment, then be disgrac'd, or at least be oblig'd to Fast for it, I know not how long after.

Upon this, down she went, and peeping thro' the Wicket, demanded what brought them to her Father's House? To which Johnny Armstrong *replied, My Promise to you, that I would this Day make you my Wife. Upon this, knowing his Voice, and looking on him, she cou'd not but fancy him to be what she before thought, till he alighted, and saluted her kindly; assuring*

aſſuring her he was no other than *Johnny Armſtrong* of *Guiltnock-Hall*, in *Weſtmoreland*.

Upon this the Gates being thrown open, ſhe conducted him in, and running up to her Father, told him who it was; whereupon he came inſtantly down, and kindly welcom'd him.

But when he ſaw his Train, he bleſs'd himſelf to know what he meant by bringing ſuch a Number of Men ſo bravely accouter'd, fancying he had invited all the Men in ten Counties: But when he told him, they were ſuch as uſually attended him when he went upon any important Affair, his Wonder the more increas'd: For tho' he had heard that he daily reliev'd abundance of poor, he could not believe he kept ſo many Men in ſuch a Garb.

How

How he was Married, and of the noble Entertainment he made; the Number of his Servants and Attendants and how he invited the whole Coutry to his VVedding, &c.

NOW Matters being at this pass, the Pages had the Care of the Horses, whilst the Men alight to refresh themselves, tho' all the Liquor in the House was not a Morning's Draught for them; which made the old Gentleman (the Father) conclude, that this would be a Fasting Day, instead of a Feasting Wedding.

But whilst these Doubts and Fears shook him like a Palsie, all on a sudden came *Johnny Armstrong*'s Cooks and Scullions twenty in Number, with

with a Carravan of Provision ready to dress; after them his Butlers, being eight in Number, with another Carravan of Wine, Syder, and other Liquors, so that it seem'd, when taken out, a Plenty sufficient to have supplied a little City against a Siege.

So to work went the Cooks, whilst he and his Bride bravely mounted, rode attended by his Men, to the Church, making such a glorious Show, that the Country had never seen the like before. The People having Notice of it, came far and near to be Spectators, some giving out, (especially the Ignorant sort) that Squire *Leonard*'s Daughter had married the King for certain, for as he came out of the Church, he gave a hundred Marks to be distributed amongst the Poor, which they fancied none but a King cou'd do.

So

So when they came home, after the wine of divers Nations had gone briskly about, they found the Table covered with all manner of Varieties that Sea, Earth, or Air could afford; as Fowl, Fish, Flesh, Fruits, and other Dainties, and yet above half was not brought in, so that they were obliged for want of room in the House to have Tables spread in the Court-yard, for the Porter was ordered to make Proclamation that all comers should be Welcome that Day.

And so till Night they drank and feasted most plentifully, and then his Musick and his Masqueraders diverted the Company till Bed-time, tho' indeed, there was not Lodging for a fortieth Part of them. In short, open House was kept all Night, and *Johnny Armstrong* finding the Inconveniency of staying there any longer, took his leave of his

his Father-in-Law the next Morning, and conveyed his Fair Bride home with him in great State, and with her he lived very comfortably and happily, supplying her Father's Wants on all Occasions, with Provision and Money, and made the remaining part of his Life very comfortable and happy.

How having carried his Fair Bride Home, She was Magnificently entertained; and also how he had afterwards divers Encounters with the Scots.

Johnny Armstrong being now at Home, he settled all Things in such good Order in that Country, that the King of *England* sent him Thanks for the Care he took in protecting Passengers from Robbers and Thieves, as likewise from the plun-

der-

dering *Scots*, whom he made many times go short home. wherefore they mortally hated him, and contrived many Plots and Stratagems to intrap and betray him: But having his Guard of merry old true hearted Blades about him he always came off with flying Colours.

Now during these Transactions, his Wife was brought to-bed of a fine Boy, which greatly rejoyced his Parents Hearts. So that there was splendid Entertainment prepared for the Chistening and all the Country almost was there, for the Fame thereof rung far and near.

In the middle of this Joy *Johnny* had Notice that a great Party of *Scots* were advanc'd within ten Miles of his Seat, ravageing and plundering the Country, insomuch that the People came flying before them. But *Johnny* and his Men soo

soon mounted, and gave them Battle on the Borders of the Country, and overthrew them, with such a woful Slaughter, that very few return'd again to *Carlisle* to tell their Story.

These, and such Encounters and Depredations caus'd an Open War between the two Nations, which had been quiet for some time.

King *Edward* of *England* marching towards *Scotland*, entered it with a very great Army, but very ill Disciplined; for the *Scotch* Historians say, that they were a hundred Thousand in Number, besides Women, Lacqueys, and other Servants, many carrying their whole Families with them, to settle when *Scotland*, should be over run.

But Fortune was now against the *English*, tho' hugging themselves in Se-

Security, and over-confidence in their Number; for in a mortal Battle at a place called *Bannockſbourn*, *Robert*, the *Scots* King, ſetting upon them, utterly vanquiſhed them with a much leſs Number, killing about ten Thouſand of them, with the Earl of *Glouceſter*, and two hundred Knights and Squires: And on the *Scots* ſide, about ſix Thouſand were killed, with divers Noblemen and Gentlemen; but the *Scots* purſuing their Succeſs, won *Weſtmoreland* and *Cumberland*.

Our famous *Amſtrong* was not at this Battle; but was extreamly ſurprized at it, and would have perſwaded the retreating *Engliſh*, to whoſe Aſſiſtance he was going, to rally and face-about, but wanting a Warlike Prince to lead them, it proved ineffectual.

And

And now it was that *Johnny* found himself constrained to become a Subject to the King of Scotland, or leave his fair Seat, which he was resolved not to do, though his Wife and Father-in-law earnestly desired him to do it, considering what he had done against that Nation; and told him, that he could not but think, that now it was in their Power, they would revenge themselves to the utmost.

But *Johnny Armstrong* being a Man of an undaunted Courage, told them, that he had been brought up a Soldier. and what he had done, was according to the Laws of Arms, and what even a generous Enemy could not only approve of, but commend him for; besides, in a little time, all might be won back again by the English: And therefore he not being us'd to despair in Providence, or subject to Fear, would not

not remove from a Place he so dearly loved, upon Suggestions of Dangers that might never happen, lest the World might impute it to Cowardise, which he was never guilty of.

These Words made them silent; and he still went on in his generous Ways of living, keeping Open house and doing all the Good he could, even to the Poor of either Nation without indifferency, that no Exceptions might be taken.

How he was perſwaded to leave Guiltnock-Hall, *and to retire from the Scottiſh Revenge, and great Commotions ariſing by the Landing of the* Danes *and* Redſhanks; *how he was ſuſpected upon the falſe Accuſation of a Lord, how the King invited him to* Edinburgh, *to deſtroy him, and he promiſed to go.*

DUring theſe Stirs, the *Danes* and *Redſhanks*, two bloody *Northern* Nations, made great Havock in the *Weſtern* Iſles of *Scotland* where they landed; and with them join'd ſome of the diſcontented *Scots*, as well Noblemen as others; ſo that the King knew not who to truſt, for many proved treacherous, on whom he ſeem'd moſt to rely. This vexed the King, and made him ſuſpicious even of his own Friends,

ſo

so that he imprisoned many of them out of Fear, lest they should joyn with the English, who were making Preparations to recover what they had so shamefully lost with the Northern Enemy. To whom Flock'd a great many Outlaws and idle Persons, who supposed in the midst of spoil and plunder, they should be inrich'd with the Goods and Chattels that others had industriously labour'd for.

These Proceedings made many of the great ones whom he sent to, refuse to come to him, lest they should be clapt up as others had been; and then what Accusations might be brought against them, they knew not.

This made him clap his Hand on his breast, (looking on those that were about him) and with a Sigh, said, Ah! is *Scotland* so full of Treachery, that

that never a Man from the highest to the lowest Degree, dare appear before his King when he is sent for?

Hereupon an Officer of his Houshold standing up, and then bowing low, said, May it please your Majesty, there is one *Johnny Armstrong* in *Westmorland*, a valiant and trusty Man, who, I believe, may do you service. What is he, said the King, or his Abiliy? Why, replyed the Officer, He lives very splendly, gives noble Entertainment to all Comers and goers, and yet I never heard he had any Lands to maintain it: Then, said the King, he must live by Plunder and Robbery; and there are too many such in this Kingdom: But does he keep any Men to attend him, said the King; Yes, replied the Officer, he always maintains Eightscore gallant Fellows, bravely attired; and when he goes Abroad, they ride with him

well

The Hiſtory of Johnny Armſtrong. well Mounted and Armed, being all likewiſe well Diſciplin'd.

Whilſt this Dialouge held, in came a Lord whom *Armſtrong* and his Men had a little before the Fight at *Bannoksbourn*, routed on the Borders, and reſcued a Booty of Cattle taken from the poor *Engliſh* Country People, and had challenged him at ſingle Combat, but he durſt not anſwer him.

The King demanded of this Lord, If he knew one *Johnny Armſtorng* of *Weſtmoreland*? and what he was? Know him, *replyed he*, Yes, (may pleaſe your Majeſty) and ſo does all your poor Subjects on this, and the other ſide of the *Tweed*; he has been a bitter Enemy to our Country, and is like to continue the ſame when the *Engliſh*, who are now, I hear preparing to make an Attempt upon us; and unleſs Your Majeſty can

can get him into your Hands, and destroy him, and the Nest of Rebels he keeps, your new Conquests will never be secur'd to you.

This false and malicious Report so incens'd the King against this just and valiant Man, that he resolved if possible, to seek his Destruction, without enquiring any farther into the Matter; purposing to go with Forces, and immediately to fall upon him: But that was objected against, lest upon Notice of their March, he should retire into the *English* Territories, and become yet a more implacable and dangerous Enemy.

Therefore it was thought advisable in a secret Council call'd for that Purpose, that he should be sent for to *Edinburgh*, under fair Pretences of Friendship, and there he and his Train be all cut off.

This was agreed on as proper; whereupon the King writ to him the following Letter.

WE having heard much of the Fame of you, our dear and loving ſubject, and your great Bounty, and your many ſingular Vertues have raiſed ſuch Admiration in us, that we could do no leſs at this time, than take notice of one who is belov'd of all the common People, and may be ſo greatly ſerviceable to us, at a time when things go ſo badly: Therefore I ſhall not command, but earneſtly deſire you on the firſt ſight of this our Letter, to repair to us, at our City, of *Edinburgh*, and all your Attendance, where you ſhall be heartily Welcome, and for your ſafe Conduct, this our Letter, with our Royal Word and ſolemn Promiſe, ſhall be a ſufficient Pledge and ſecurity.

Robert. REX.

This Letter was ſealed with the *King's Signet*, and ſent with all Secreſie and Speed, and he received it as ſoon as he came from Hunting; and after handſomely treating the *Meſſenger*, and faithfully promiſing to wait on the *King* the next Day, he diſmiſſed him.

How he went bravely attended with his Eightscore Men to Edinburgh, *notwithstanding the many Presages that forbid it; the Discourse he had with the King, who charg'd him wrongfully as a Traytor, and ordered him and his Men to be hang'd: How they fought the King's Guards, and the whole City ran down with Blood, and he and all his Men were slain; but his Page; and how his little Son promised to revenge his Father's Death.*

THE valiant *Johnny Armstrong*, being a little surprized at this Invitation, to think what the Reason should be, and therefore communicated it to his Friends, in order to have their Opinions, but they were as much in the Dark as him-

himſelf: But however, ſince he had received the Kings Letter of Conduct, and his Word was paſs'd, they all agreed to his Going. except his Wife, who was full of Fear for him, and dreaded ſome Miſchief wou'd enſue.

Whereupon he ordered his Men to be ready againſt the next Morning, and to put on their beſt Apparel, being Velvet Coats lac'd with three broad Gold Laces; and Scarlet Cloaks with five of Silver Lace, as being the moſt modiſh Faſhion of thoſe Times: They alſo put on their Gold embroidred Belts, which were made to hang over their Shoulders, and every one a Falchion by his Side, with a ſilver Handle; a Buckler of Steel, and Plumes of White Feathers in their Bonnets.

In the Morning they were up with the Sun, and having immedi-

ately put themſelves in Array to march; all on a ſudden the glorious Luminary that ſhone ſo bright at its aſcending the Horizon, was inſtantly clouded and over-caſt, and Thunder began to rumble in the Air, which are the Fore-runners of Rain and Whirlwinds; but there being ſome Signs of clearing up, he reſolved to ſet forward.

But firſt he went to take leave of his dearly beloved Wife, and his little Son, kiſſing and embracing them very tenderly, the Tears fell from his Eyes, contrary to their wonted Uſe, and his Manly Courage failed him, and all on a ſudden he grew Melancholy, not being able to give any Reaſon for it, notwithſtanding, his Wife's Intreaties, and his Son's Tears proved too Weak to ſtay him: So with kind *Farewells* they parted as they hoped but for a little Time, but it proved a long one.

As

The History of Johnny Armstrong

As they rid thro' several *Towns*, the People flock'd in great Number to see their Bravery; at last they came to the flowry Banks of *Tweed*, which divides *England* from *Scotland*, over this River they passed, and so rode on towards *Edinburgh*, He sent Word before of his coming, lest so great a Troop might make the City shut up their Gates on a sudden, for fear of a Surpize.

No sooner had the *King* Notice of this, but he gave Orders for his Guards to be all ready at the first Warning, to execute his Command.

But when *Johnny Armstrong* came into his Presence, so nobly attended, he began to think it might be some Foreign Prince come to pay him a Visit, instead of one of his own Subjects: Wherefore, upon his low bowing, the King moved his Bonnet to him in a Courteous manner,

bidding him stand up, But he was no sooner informed who it was but the Scene was alter'd and his courteous Behaviour was turn'd into reproaches, and the hateful Names of Villian, Traytor, Enemy to *Scotland*, Thief, Robber, and much more of this unexpected Language, which very much surprized him.

Upon which he bended one Knee to the Ground, and begged His Majesty's Pardon if he had done any thing to offend him and as for his coming thither, he said, it was in Obedience to His Majesty's Letter, which promis'd him better Entertainment; and therefore humbly desired to know to what End he was sent for, offering his utmost Service to his Majesty, if he pleas'd to accept.

No, Traytor replied the King in a Rage, I need none of thy Service, and

The History of Johnny Armstrong.

and as for the fair Promises in my Letter, 'twas to decoy you and your Nest of Thieves hither: And lastly, The Cause of my sending for you was to hang you and all your Men, which shall be done by eight a Clock to Morrow Morning

At this the bold Englishman rising up unconcerned, and without Fear, desired he might justifie himself, and his Men, and clear up the false Report his Majesty had heard of them But the Lord who had first accused him and his Men, incensing the King still against him, his Request was deny'd; and the Guards, which were about two Thousand, had the Signal to drag them to Goal, and the next Morning to execute them.

Ah! says Armstrong, hast thou thus broke thy Word with me, thus basely to ensnare and destroy me and my

my Men? Well, we are Men, and like Men we'll die, if it must be so; and *Scotland* shall buy our Lives at a dear Rate. Upon that, looking about him, and encouraging his Men to follow his Example, he drew his trusty Sword, and making at the King thro' the thickest of his Guards, struck at him with such a Fury, that he had taken off his Head at the Stroke, had he not nimbly avoided it, by falling on the Ground.

Armstrong's Men seeing their Leader engag'd among so many Swords, immediately drew, and so laid about 'em that all the Place was slippery with Blood, driving those that remain'd unslain, out of the Palace, into the open Streets, whilst the Cry arose through all the City, as if it had been taken by Storm; so that at last three Thousand more coming upon the Heroick *Armstrong*, be-

being tired with the Slaughter of his Enemies, and faint with Wounds and loss of blood, after some staggering, he fell to the Ground, still calling out to his Men, encouraging them to fight on, telling them, *That after he had bled a little, he'd rise and help them again,* This Encouragement made them like raging Lions, making such Havock and Slaughter, that Heaps of Dead Bodies barr'd up the Way; till at last they were over-powered by fresh Numbers; and seeing no Way of an honourable Retreat, they all, like Valiant Men, dyed in their Masters Cause, leaving a Bloody Victory; for there were killed of the *Scots* by their Hands, five Thousand Citizens and Soldiers. The King in the mean time was retired to a strong Castle for Shelter. And of all *Armstrong*'s Party only a little Page escap'd to tell the dismal Story.

The great grief that it was to his Widow, and all the Country round about, is impossible to relate: But the little Son of this famous *Johnny Armstrong*, sitting on his Nurses Knee, vowed he would revenge his Father's Death which, when he arrived to be a Man he as gallantly performed.

A

SONG

Shewing, how *Johnny Armſtrong*, and his Eightſcore Men fought a bloody Battle with the Scotch King at Edinburgh.

IS there ever a Man in all *Scotland*
From the greateſt Eſtate to the meaneſt Degree
That can ſhew his Face before the King,
Scotland is ſo full of Treachery?

Yes, there is a Man in Weſtmoreland,
And *Johnny Armſtrong* they do him call
He has no lands nor livings coming in,
But keeps Eightſcore Men within his Hall.

He

He has Horſes and Harneſs for them all,
And goodly Steeds that are milk-white,
With their glorious Belts about their Necks,
Their Hats and Feathers all alike.

The King he writes a kind Letter,
With his own Hand ſo tenderly,
And ſent it away to *Johnny Armſtrong*,
To come and talk with him ſpeedily.

When *John* he look upon this Letter,
Gued Laird he look much blith and better,
I ne'er was before a King in my life,
My Father my Grandfather, nor my Wife.

But ſeeing we muſt go before the King,
Indeed we will go moſt gallantly;
Ye ſhall every Man have a Velvet Coat,
Laid down with golden laces three.

And every one have a ſcarlet Cloak,
laid down with ſilver laces five,
With golden Belts about your Necks,
With Hats and Feathers all alike.

When *John* ſet out from *Guiltnock-Hall*,
The Wind it did blow and full faſt it did rain,
Now fare thee well, old Guiltnock-Hall,
I fear I ſhall never ſee thee again.

Now *Johnny* is to *Edinburgh* gone,
With his eightſcore Men ſo gallantly;
And every one of them on a milk-white Steed,
With their Bucklers and *Swords* hanging to their Knee.

But when *Johnny* came before the King
With his eightſcore Men ſo gallant to ſee,
The King he mov'd his Bonnet to him,
Thinking he had been a King as well as he.

O pardon, *O* pardon, my *Sovereign Leige*,
Pardon my Eightſcore Men and me,
For my Name it is *Johnny Armſtrong*.
And a *Subject* of yours, my *Leige*, ſaid he.

Away, begone thou falſe Traytor.
No pardon will I grant to thee;
For to Morrow morning by eight of the Clock,
I'll hang up thy Eightſcore Men and thee.

Then *John* looking over his left Shoulder,
And to his Men thus ſaid he,
I have asked Grace of a Graceleſs Face,
No Pardon there is for you or me.

Then

Then *John* pull'd out his good broad Sword,
The which was made of Mettle ſo free,
If the King had not mov'd his Foot as he did,
He had ſever'd his Head from his fair Body.

Come follow me my Merry-men all,
They ſhall ſee we'll ſcorn one Foot to fly
It ne'er ſhall be ſaid we were hang'd like Dogs,
We'll fight it out moſt manfully.

Then they fought on like Champions bold,
Their Hearts being ſturdy, ſtout, and free,
Till they had kill'd all the King's own Guard,
There being none left but two or three.

Then

Then rose up all *Edinburgh*,
They rose up by Thousands three,
A cowardly *Scot* came behind *Johnny*,
And run him thorrow the fair Body.

Quoth *Johnny* Fight on my merry-men all,
I'm a little wounded, but am not yet slain.
I'll lay me down to bleed a while,
And then rise up and fight again.

Then they fought on like Madmen all,
Till many a Man lay dead on the Plain,
For they were resolv'd e'er they wou'd yield
That every Man wou'd there be slain.

So there they fought courageously,
Till most of them lay dead and slain
But little *Musgrove*, that was his Foot Page,
With his bonny *Grizzle* got away untain.

But when he came to *Guiltnock-Hall*,
The Lady ſpied him preſently,
What News, what news, thou little Foot Page.
What News of thy Maſter, and his Company.

My News is bad, dear Lady he ſaid,
Which I do bring as *you may ſee.*
My Maſter *Johnny Armſtrong* is ſlain,
And all his gallant Company.

Thou art welcome home bonny *Grizzle*,
Oft thou haſt been fed with Corn and Hay.
But now thou ſhalt be fed with Bread and Wine,
And thy Sides ſhall be ſpur'd no more from this Day.

O then beſpake his little Son,
As he ſat on his Nurſes Knee,
If ever I live to be a Man,
My Fathers Death reuenged ſhall be.

Robin

Robin Hood's *Rescuing* Will Stutely, *from the Sheriff and his Men, who had taken him Prisoner and were going to hang him.*

Tune of, Robin Hood and *Queen* Catherine.

WHen *Robin Hood* in the green wood liv'd,
derry, derry, down.
Under the green wood Tree
Tydings there came to him with speed
Tydings for certainty.
hey down, derry derry down.
That *Will. Stutely* surprized was,
derry, &c.
And eke in Prison lay;
Three Varlets that the King had hir'd,
Did likewise him betray.
Aye, and to morrow hang'd must be,
derry &c.
To morrow soon as it is day,
But before they could this Victory get
Two of them did *Stutely* slay.
When *Robin Hood* he heard this news,
derry &c.

Lord

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That *Will. Stutely* surprized was,
derry, &c.
And eke in Prison lay;
Three Varlets that the King had hir'd,
Did likewise him betray.
Aye, and to morrow hang'd must be,
derry &c.
To morrow soon as it is day,
But before they could this Victory get
Two of them did *Stutely* stay.
When *Robin Hood* he heard this news,
derry &c.

Lord

Lord he was grieved ſore;
Aye, and unto his Merry Men ſaid,
Who altogether ſwore
That *Will Stutely* ſhould reſcued be,
derry &c.
And be brought ſafe back again:
Or elſe ſhould many a gallant Wight,
For his ſake there be ſlain.
He cloth'd himſelf in ſcarlet then.
derry &c.
His Men were all in Green;
A fairer ſight throughout the World,
In no part could be ſeen.
Good *Lord* it was a gallant ſight,
derry &c.
To ſee them all on a row,
With every Man a good broad Sword
And eke a good Yew bow,
Forth of the green wood are they gone,
derry &c.
Yea, all couragiouſly,
Reſolving to bring *Stutely* home,
Or every Man to die
And when they came the caſtle near,
derry &c.
Whereas *Will. Stutely* lay;
I hold it good ſays *Robin Hood*,
We here in ambuſh ſtay:
And ſend one forth ſome news to hear.
derry &c.

To

derry &c.
Farewell, and thanks to thee,
If Stutely hanged be this day,
Reveng'd his death will be.
He was no sooner from the Palmer gone,
derry, &c.
But the gates was open'd wide,
And out of the Castle *Will. Stutely* came,
Guarded on every side.
When he was forth of the Castle come.
derry, &c.
And saw no help was nigh,
Thus he did say unto the Sheriff,
Thus he said gallantly,
Now seeing that I needs must dye,
derry, &c.
Grant me one boon, says he,
For my noble Master ne'r had Man,
That yet was hang'd on the Tree.
Give me a sword all in my hand,
derry, &c.
And let me be unbound.
And with thee and thy Men I'll fight,
Until I lie dead on the Ground.
But his desire he would not grant,
derry, &c
His wishes were in vain,
For the Sheriff had sworn he hang'd
shou'd be

And not by the ſword be ſlain,
Do but unbind my Hands he ſaid,
derry, &c.
I will no weapons crave,
And if I hanged be this day,
Damnation let me have
O no, O no, the Sheriff he ſaid,
derry, &c.
Thou ſhalt on the gallows dye;
Ay. and ſo ſhalt thy Maſter too,
If ever in me it lye.
O daſtard Coward, *Stutely* cries,
derry, &c.
Thou faint hearted Peaſant-ſlave,
If ever my Maſter do thee meet,
Thou ſhalt thy Payment have.
My noble Maſter thee doth ſcorn;
derry, &c.
And all thy Cowardly Crew;
Such ſily Imps unable are,
Noble *Robin* to ſubdue.
But when he was to the gallows come,
derry, &c.
And ready to bid adieu,
Out of a Buſh leaps *Little John*,
And ſteps *Will Stutely* too:
I pray thee *Will.* before thou dye,
derry, &c.
Of thy dear Friends take leave;

I needs muſt borrow him a while:
How ſay you, Maſter *Sheriff*?
Now as *I* live, the Sheriff he ſaid,
derry, &c.
That Varlet will *I* know;
Some ſturdy Rebel is that ſame,
Therefore let him not go.
With that *Little John* ſo haſtily,
derry, &c.
Away cut *Stutely*'s bands,
And from one of the Sheriff's Men,
A ſword twitch from his Hands:
Here *Will.* take thou the ſame,
derry, &c.
Thou canſt it better ſway;
And here defend thy ſelf a while,
For Aid will come ſtraitway.
and there they turn'd them back to back,
derry, &c.
In the middle of them that day,
Till *Robin Hood* approached near,
With many an archer gay,
With that an arrow by them flew,
derry, &c.
I wiſt from *Robin Hood*;
Make haſte, make haſte, the Sheriff ſaid,
Make haſte for it is good.
The Sheriff is gone, his doubtful Men,
derry, &c

Thought

Thought it no boot ſtay,
But as their Maſter had them taught,
They run full faſt away.
O ſtay, O ſtay, *Will. Stutely* ſaid,
derry, &c.
Take leave e're you depart,
You ne'r will catch bold *Robin Hood*,
Until you dare him ſtart.
Ill betide you, quoth *Robin Hood*,
derry, &c.
That you ſoon are gone,
My ſword may in my ſcabboard reſt,
For hear our work is done
little thought when I came here,
derry, &c.
When *I* came near to this place,
For to have met with *Little John*,
Or ſeen my Maſter's face.
Thus *Stutely* was at liberty ſet,
derry, &c.
And ſafe brought from his foe;
O thanks, o thanks, to my Maſter,
Since here it was not ſo;
And once again my Fellows all.
derry, *derry*, *down*;
We ſhall in the green woods meet;
Were we will make our bow-ſtrings twang,
Muſick for us moſt ſweet;
hey down, *derry*, *down*.

The Famous Battle between Robin Hood, *and the* Curtal Fryar, *near* Fountain-dale. *To a new Northern Tune.*

IN Summer time when leaves grow green
And flowers are fresh and gay,
Robin Hood, and his merry Men,
Were dispos'd to play.
Then some would leap & some would run
And some would use Artillery.
Which of you can a good Bow draw,
A good Archer to be,
Which of you can kill a Buck?
Or who can kill a Doe?
Or who can kill a Hart of *Greece*,
Five hundred foot him fro?
Will. Scadlock he kill'd a Buck,
And *Mide* he kill'd a Doe;
And *Little John* kill'd a Hart of *Greece*,
Five hundred Foot him fro
God's blessing on thy Heart said *Robin Hood*
That shot such a shot for me;
I would ride my horse an hundred miles
To find one could match thee.
That caused *Will Scadlock* to laugh

He

He laughed full heartily,
There lives a Fryar in *Fountain-Abby*,
Will beat both him and thee.
That Curtal Fryar in *Fountain-Abby*,
Well can [illegible] strong bow draw,
He will beat you and your Yeomen,
Set them all on a row,
Robin Hood took a solemn Oath
It was by *Mary* free,
That he would neither Eat nor Drink.
Till the Fryar he did see.
Robin Hood put on his Harness good
And on his Head a Cap of Steel,
Broad Sword and Buckler by his side,
And they became him weel.
He took his Bow into his Hand,
It was of a Trusty Tree,
With a sheaf of Arrows by his side,
And to *Fountain-dale* went he
And coming to fair *Fountain-dale*,
No further would he ride,
There was he aware of a Curtal Fryar
Walking by the Water side
The Fryar had a harness Good,
And on his Head a cap of Steel
Broad Sword and Buckler by his side,
And they became him weel
Robin Hood lighted off from his Horse,
And tyed him to a thorn.

Carry

Carry me over the Water, thou Curtal Fryar,
Or elſe thy life's Forlorn.
The Fryar took *Robin Hood* on his back
Deep water he did beſtride,
And ſpake neither word good nor bad,
Till he came on the other ſide.
Lightly ſtept *Robin* of the Fryar's back
The Fryar ſaid unto him again.
Carry me over the Water fine Fellow,
Or it ſhall breed thy Pain.
Robin Hood took the Fryar on's back,
Deep water he did beſtride,
And ſpoke neither word good or bad
Till he came on the other ſide.
Lightly leapt the Fryar of *Robin Hood's* back
Robin Hood ſaid to him again.
Carry me over this Water, thou Curtal Fryar
Or it ſhall breed thy pain
The Fryar took *Robin Hood* on's back again
And ſtept up to the Knee,
Till he came to the middle ſtream,
Neither good nor bad ſpoke he
And coming to the middle ſtream,
There he threw *Robin* in.
And chuſe thee, chuſe thee fine Fellow
Whether thou wilt ſink or *Swim*.
Robin Hood ſwam to a buſh of broom
The Fryar to the willow wand,
Bold *Robin Hood* is gone to ſhore,

And

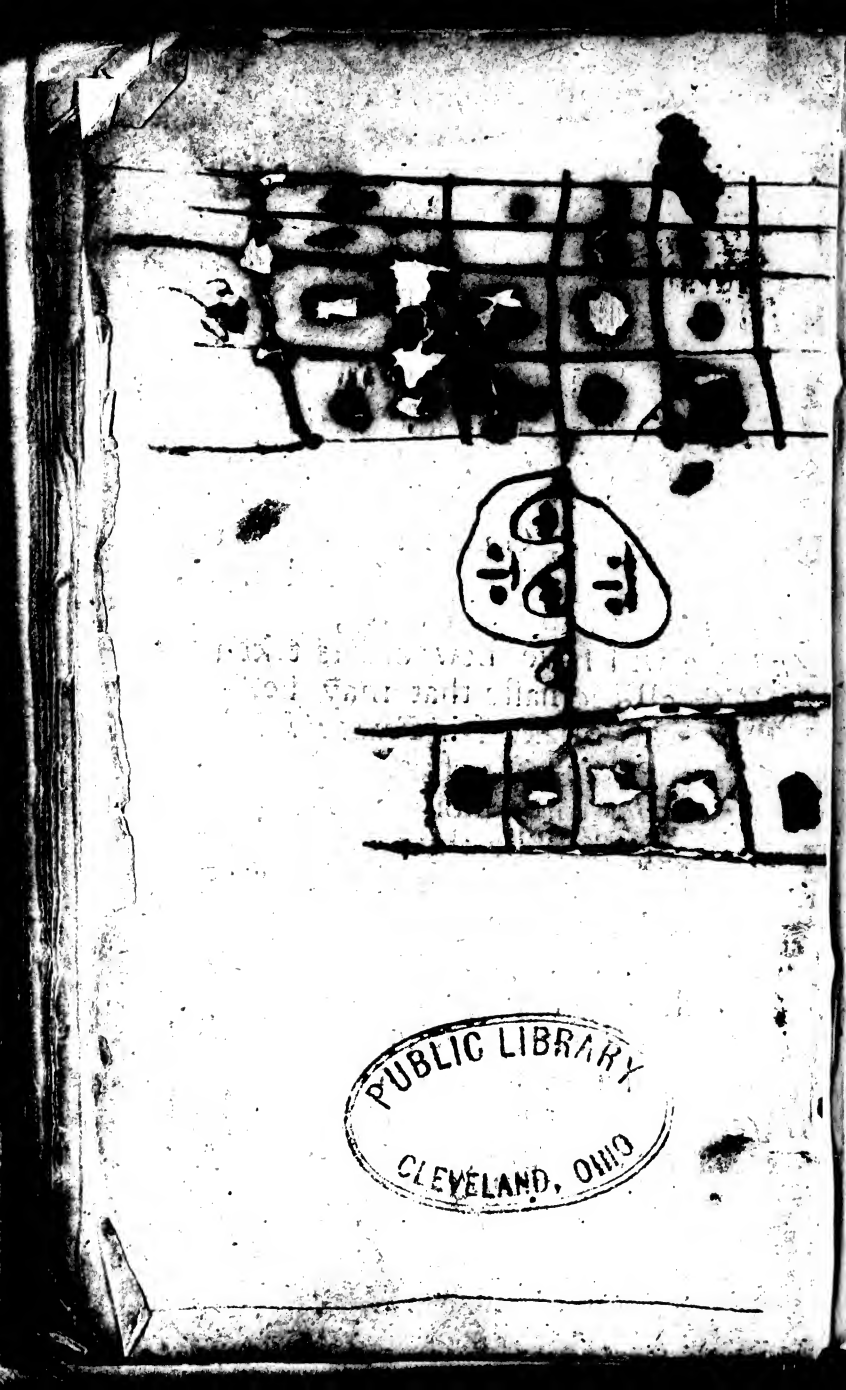
And took his bow in Hand,
One of the best arrows under his belt,
To the Fryar he let fly;
The Curtal-Fryar with his steel buckler,
He put the arrow by.
Shoot on, shoot on thou fine Fellow,
Shoot as thou hast begun,
If thou shoot here a summer's day
Thy mark I will not shun.
Robin Hood shot so passing well,
Till his arrows all were gone
They took there Swords and steel bucklers
And fought with might and main.
From ten o'th clock that day,
Till four i'th afternoon;
Then *Robin Hood* came on his knees,
O, th the Fryar to beg a boon,
A boon a boon, thou Curtal Fryar,
I beg it on my knee,
Give me leave to set my horn to my mouth
And to blow blasts three.
That I will do, said the Curtal Fryar,
Of thy blasts *I* have no doubt,
I hope thou'lt blow so passing well,
Till both thy eyes fall out.
Robin Hood set his horn to his mouth,
He blew out blasts three;
Half a hundred Yeoman with bows bent
Came ranging over the lee.

Whose

Whose Men are these, said the Fryar
That come so hastily?
These are mine, said *Robin Hood*
Fryar, what's that to thee?
A boon, a boon, said the Curtal Fryar,
the like I give to thee,
Give me leave to set my fist to my Mouth
And to whute whutes three
that I will do, said *Robin Hood*
Or else I were to blame,
Three whutes in a Fryar's fist,
Would make me glad and fain.
The Fryar he set his fist to his Mouth,
And whuted him whutes three,
Half a hundred good bay dogs,
Came running over the lee,
Here's for every Man a Dog,
And my self for thee.
Nay by my Faith, said *Robin Hood*,
Fryar that may not be,
Two Dogs at once to *Robin Hood* did go,
The one behind, the other before;
Robin Hood's Mantle of *Lincoln* green,
Off from his back they tore.
And whether his Men shot East or West
Or they shot North or South,
The Curtal dogs, so taught they were,
They caught the arrows in their Mouth
Take up thy Dogs said *Little John*,
Fryar at my bidding be. Whose

Whose man art thou, said the *Curtal-Fryar*,
Come here to prate to [illegible]
I am *Little* [illegible], *Robin Hood's* Man,
Fryar, I [illegible]
If thou [illegible] soon
Lill [illegible] up [illegible]
Little [illegible] his hand,
He [illegible] with [illegible] and main.
Soon [illegible] a Score of the Fryar's Dogs,
[illegible] up [illegible] plain.
[illegible] Hand, Good fellow, said the
Curtal-Fryar,
Thy Master and [illegible] will agree,
And we will [illegible] new orders taken
With all [illegible] that may be,
If thou wilt forsake fair *Fountain-dale*,
And Fountain-Abby free.
Every *Sunday* throughout the Year,
A Noble shall be thy fee.
Every *Sunday* throughout the Year,
Changed shall thy garments be,
And if thou wilt to fair *Nottingham*,
And there remain with me,
The Curtal Fryar had kept *Fountain-dale*
Seven long years and more,
There was neither Knight Lord, nor Earl
cou'd make him yield before.

FINIS.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